The Universalist Leader

Boston and Chicago

June 20, 1925

Renascence

The world stands out on either side
No wider than the heart is wide;
Above the world is stretched the sky—
No higher than the soul is high.
The heart can push the sea and land
Farther away on either hand;
The soul can split the sky in two,
And let the face of God shine through.

But East and West will pinch the heart
That can not keep them pushed apart;
And he whose soul is flat—the sky
Will cave in on him by and by.

Edna St. Vincent Millay.

The Universalist Leader

Continuing the CHRISTIAN LEADER and its predecessors (1819 to 1897), the UNIVERSALIST and its predecessors (1827 to 1897), and the GOSPEL BANNER (1835 to 1897).

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ESSENTIAL PRINCIPLES OF THE UNIVERSALIST FAITH

1. The Universal Fatherhood of God.
2. The Spiritual Authority and leadership of His Son, Jesus Christ.
3. The trustworthiness of the Bible as containing a revelation from God.
4. The certainty of just retribution for sin.
5. The final harmony of all souls with God.

Neither this nor any other precise form of words is required as a condition of fellowship, provided the above principles be professed.

Editorial

THE PROBLEM OF UNION

IN one form or another, constantly it is coming up, this problem of union. It relates not only to churches but to charities and to many other kinds of organizations. Church leaders emphatically disavow any idea of "giving up their denomination," or "going in with anybody else," or "flirting with the X's or Y's," and by so doing they regularize themselves with the old standpat group, but the cat of church union always comes stalking back and with a cheerful meow leaps up into the best chair. With the significant merger just effected in Canada, how could it be otherwise?

We are not ready to discuss the question of the Universalist group combining with other like-minded groups except in the most general way. It is true, literally, that nothing formal is pending. But we think it timely to point out some fundamental principles, obvious though they may be, which must control such attempts when they are made. We must make haste slowly. We must conserve what is precious in our heritage. We must advance step by step from what is easy to what is more difficult. We must proceed by means of the most simple and elastic machinery conceivable. We must let time determine the exact forms new federations may grow into and the powers which they may exercise, and we must make understanding and good will keep up with us every step of our journey.

Let us illustrate by what is being attempted in social work in a single city of the United States. The budget for private and public social work in New York amounts to the stupendous sum of eighty million a year, of which from twenty to twenty-five million is raised in voluntary gifts. It would be a short-sighted group which would do anything to make more difficult the raising of this money. As the *Survey* remarks, "This is much too cumbersome a load to be carried for years to come by joint financing, although one of the research tasks . . . is to study the experience of other cities with community chests."

There are two thousand social agencies in New York disbursing this money. The problem is to bring them into some kind of union without destroying their individual initiative and energy. It will be clear to anybody who will give just a little attention to the matter that there are enormous advantages in the right kind of team work between these social agencies. Team work prevents waste and duplication. It lets social work relieve a vastly higher percentage of human misery and remove many more of the causes which produce it. It minimizes the possibility of destroying the characters of those whom it would like to help. On the lowest terms it gets a dollar's worth for every dollar. On the highest terms it sends its agents into dark corners never before reached and tears down dirty walls which have kept the sunlight of knowledge and morality out. So it is seen clearly that it is a good thing to get together. But the difficulties—the difficulties—they might well terrify the boldest. There are the old jealousies, the memories of old feuds, racial and religious prejudices, the hard-headed board members, the dear loyalties which the short-sighted fear may be weakened—when one begins to enumerate them they sound like the talk at a lunch conference of Church leaders dealing with union and spending hours on Dickens' "How Not To Do It."

But New York has overcome all these initial difficulties. Recently *Better Times*, the organ of all New York social agencies, had an anniversary dinner. "The Welfare Council" was here presented as the first step in the program of getting together. As described by the *Survey*, the guiding principle for those creating this new agency and the fundamental thing emphasized at the dinner was: "In co-operation, the most logical arrangements are less important than good-will."

Could there be a better motto for those seeking to get the advantages of team work for divided Churches?

Three main groups of social workers, the contributing public, the public officials, the professional social workers, chose a board of seventy-five prominent New Yorkers to serve as a board of directors for the new Council.

There is a plan on paper to be sure, as something which possibly the years may enable them to realize—"a federation of federations"—the grouping of simi-

lar social agencies into sections, and the sections into one of the main divisions. Flexibility is the word when it comes to formal organization. Not only must there be a plan for bringing together child-caring agencies of the city, but all kinds of agencies of a neighborhood to deal with neighborhood conditions.

"With what appears to be not only the soundest but perhaps the only strategy," remarks the *Survey*, "they have set up this nucleus for co-operation without attempting either to prescribe the form of the body which may grow up around it or to define its functions in any rigid way. The Council thus consists for a moment of a board of directors without any members behind them, without a constitution, and without an executive. But no one doubts that this nucleus will begin promptly to develop a body; there is life in it."

To us, it all speaks for itself. More sense and breadth have seldom been exhibited in community planning. Catholics, Jews, Protestants and secular agencies involved in this matter are deserving of highest praise.

One of these days some man will come along and hit off some word, some phrase, or some rudimentary bit of machinery for Churches which will accelerate enormously the process of getting together.

We be a stubborn folk, we Christians, because we do really care, but there is a right path opening up. Men like Fosdick stating principles and men like Parkes Cadman leading pioneer efforts for co-operation like the Federal Council are blazing the trail.

* *

THE FAITH OF A NATURALIST

A DESPATCH to the *Evening Star* of Washington, D. C., gives the substance of the will of the late Prof. Henry Oldys, a naturalist connected with the Smithsonian Institution in Washington for many years, as follows:

> "In leaving this world I do so with the prayer and hope that some day it may appreciate the priceless legacy bequeathed to it by Jesus, and thus be led to that perfect system he offered, whose basis is love and faith, whose keynote is entire abandonment of self-interest, and whose object is the establishment upon earth of the highest ideal of social organization—the kingdom of God."
>
> Of his only son, Robert Oldys, he says: "I leave him my strong hope that he will always be a true and good man; that he will never allow himself to be bribed by any allurement of worldly prosperity to desert his highest course and be untrue to his noblest bent; that his first consideration will always be development of what is best within him, regardless of the question of lucrative reward; that he will take the place I leave vacant as regards the general care of his mother and sisters, and that, whatever the religious or irreligious state of the world, he will understand and realize that a Godless code of man-made ethics can never meet the soul's need as a substitute for worship of God.
>
> "I commend my soul to God in the hope that, despite its unworthiness to enjoy the great privilege, He will allow it to continue its existence after the death of my body. Should I be denied this great boon, yet am I deeply grateful that I have been permitted to enjoy this beautiful world, to think and to feel. It has been a wonderful and delightful experience, and I thank my God with an overflowing heart that I have lived. My one regret is that I have dealt so unworthily with the life He lent me."

Comment upon such a document as this seems superfluous. Those in touch with government departments know that there are many men of high ability serving the country who could earn much larger salaries elsewhere. Scientists as a class put a chance to go on with their work higher than what they may get out of it. They do not call it self-sacrifice. They call it "really living." Such men increase our faith in all other men and in the indestructible worth of life. Through such men we are led to faith in God and immortality. No arguments for these things compare in force with the argument made all unconsciously by noble lives.

The statement of his faith which Mr. Oldys has set down is helpful and touching. It deals with fundamentals. It is strong and contagious without the slightest touch of dogmatism. It has in it as much of certainty as most of us feel that we have a right to ask for. And it is all the more effective with thoughtful people because of its humility and gratitude. "Yet am I deeply grateful that I have been permitted to enjoy this beautiful world, to think and to feel." That is a great and good utterance of a good and useful man.

* *

TWO MEN OF COLORADO SPRINGS

IN Colorado Springs at the foot of the Rocky Mountains two men owned between them much of the land in the foothills now known as the Garden of the Gods. Through long geologic ages the soft sandstone has been weathered and washed and shaped into curious forms. There are spires and majordomos, old women and huge mushrooms, lions and caves, and various other fantastic things.

Standing out from the mesa, or tableland, beautifully colored, with the background of the Rocky Mountains, these rocks annually are visited by thousands.

The kind of man one of the owners was is indicated by the following inscription between the two mammoth soft red rocks which stand up like stacks or towers and guard the entrance:

"The Garden of the Gods. Given to the City of Colorado Springs in 1909 by the children of Charles Elliott Perkins in fulfilment of his wish that it be kept forever free to the public."

While he lived the public could drive through and see the wonders. When he died the interest of the public in great natural beauty spots was recognized.

The other man who owned other hundreds of acres of this Garden of the Gods also let the public use it while he lived.

When he died his son fell out with the City of Colorado Springs over an attempt to sell the land to them for a park. They say "he wanted two or three prices for it." What he says we do not know. We must give him the benefit of all the doubt we can. This, however, is true. He has fenced off his part of the beautiful place and put up signs: "Mushroom Park. A Five Thousand Dollar View for Fifty Cents." He has tried to block the one public road through, but failed. Visitors to the Garden of the

Gods can drive on through and get the general view, but are forbidden to go without paying into the enclosure surrounding curiosities like the "Balanced Rock."

Whatever right or justice on his side there may be, the position in which he finds himself in relation to the public stands out in glaring contrast to that of the other man whose noble altruism and public spirit made safe for all time the greater part, the really essential part, of this natural curiosity.

It is axiomatic that we have to make our living. We have to bear our own burdens and see that we do not become a burden for others to carry.

But beyond that our lives and our estates belong to one another. Living or dead, what we have ought to promote the general welfare.

The unwritten wish of Mr. Perkins regarded as a last will and testament by loyal children adds to the joy and well being of millions living and of generations as yet unborn.

* *

TO A CLOSE COUSIN

OUR highly respected and greatly beloved contemporary and close relative, the *Christian Register*, seems to us in danger of falling from grace. The redoubtable enemy of all Fundamentalists seems to be in danger of going over into the Fundamentalist camp himself. The Paul Revere of the new revolution seems in need of a cry in the darkness, and a knock at his own door. And being one of his closest relatives, it is perhaps more seemly that we should render this service of love. The worst of the trouble seems to have come from kind things which prominent Unitarian speakers at the recent centennial meetings said about "fellowship." Practically every leading editorial in the *Register* since the meetings has been devoted to earnest, even furious assertion of the doctrine that "fellowship is not first." We are not going to get ourselves into trouble by denying it. We simply don't know. There are so many important things that seem to us to be of first importance that we hesitate to give one priority over the other.

But these things we do feel moved to say to our dear relative: People can believe fellowship to be so important that they even put it first without ceasing to use their brains and without in the slightest denying the importance of a sound intellectual basis for religious action.

Nay, it is possible to add that the people with the greatest insight are precisely the ones who can penetrate the shells and husks of thought and discern the essential things.

Many of these liberals or "near liberals" about whom our contemporary is so contemptuous have such insight. They see that Tom Jones and Dick Brown at heart love the same God that they do and feel the same responsibility for their neighbor. They see enough to make them love Tom and Dick, and they know enough to realize that it is important for them to combine forces with all the Toms and Dicks they can find to make the Kingdom of Heaven come on earth.

They see also that even the best pet phrases of Unitarians and Universalists are only phrases as well, and that a man, Unitarian or Presbyterian, who gets excited over phrases, words, methods, order of importance *per se*, and belabors all his colleagues who don't use the same phrase or order is getting close to Fundamentalism.

We of course know that our dear friend wants fellowship, but if he continues to let the word have such an exciting effect upon him, people outside the family will get a wrong impression. And we do want to keep up appearances in these troublesome times.

And this post-centennial mood of our kinsman has betrayed him into what we would characterize as a savage attack upon the *Congregationalist* if we did not know how far savagery is from the truly benevolent and kindly editor of the *Register*.

Again he objects to a term—"Suppliant." He does not want people to sing:

> "I am coming to the Cross,
> I am poor and weak and blind,
> I am counting all but dross,
> I shall full salvation find."

He calls the verse "a trashy poetical rendering of the substitutionary atonement," and then, taking breath, "a preposterous and sicklied prostration of a being so mean and low down that he could not possibly think of even those pathetic lines," and finally, in his best vein, as "coddling an inferiority complex."

Now we don't want to sing that verse. And we don't want the editor of the *Register* to sing it. In fact, we can not conceive of his doing it. In his fine vigorous strength he does not need to. But we confess that we need the thing the verse is trying to say. And we believe also that we can see enough in it to realize that many noble men and women sing it who recognize in the boundless resources of God, the daily failures of our lives, the possibility of Divine Power turning our weakness to strength.

Why damn the people who use the words they know? Why misjudge them? Why not try to see what it is they say? Keep after better words of course—the *Register* is doing yeoman service in showing us the importance of this side of things. But until we all can achieve accuracy and precision of statement why consider it "weak," or "cowardly," or "illiberal, or "near liberal," or "selfish," to seek the true understanding of everybody and to rejoice in the fellowship which inevitably follows?

* *

"REDISCOVERED COUNTRIES"

THE *Western Christian Advocate* recently devoted several paragraphs under "Current Comment" to Dr. Frank D. Adams' "Rediscovered Countries." Their comment is in part as follows:

> The book is a good one to place in the hands of an inquiring mind; for it is clear in its statement, fresh in its thought, choice in its diction, and analytical in the presentation of its truth. Let him who will abide at the altars of the old forms of worship. But if dust and smoke surround him, there is no blame to be placed but on himself. We are seeking ever to bow at the altar of the God who grows and ever expands before our own inquiring mind. We rediscover God in every new experience. We revalue Jesus Christ our Lord in every crisis of deliverance.

Cruising Cross Country

XXIII Going to California

John van Schaick, Jr.

THERE is something of magic in the words, "going to California." For the Eastern man they mean much the same as "going to Europe." To be sure there are the satiated travelers who talk about "running out and back two or three times a year," and they are the same people who describe the Atlantic liners as "ferry boats." But for the majority of us "back East" going to California is an adventure. It costs money. It takes time. It is three thousand miles away. It is across the Rocky Mountains. And we are so near the days of the "forty-niners" that the romance of those stirring times attaches itself even to the voyages and journeyings of to-day.

A son of California who became one of the best loved sons of Massachusetts, Dr. Josiah Royce, the Harvard philosopher, wrote in 1886 a volume for the "American Commonwealth" series: "California from the Conquest in 1846 to the Second Vigilance Committee in San Francisco, a Study of American Character." He dedicated it to his mother, "a California pioneer of 1849." It is a fascinating and illuminating volume. It ought not to be allowed to go out of print.

What Royce does for us is this:

He kindles our enthusiasm for the subject and sends us to Bancroft and other authorities.

He fixes in our minds the big physical features of California—river valleys, mountain ranges, arid regions, richly productive sections.

He gives us an outline of that older California history before California became American California. It didn't amount to much in the way of permanent influence upon the state, but what an appeal to the imagination it makes.

We see Cabrillo (in 1542-43) the Spaniard, Drake (1579) the Englishman; and others later exploring along the California coast. We put ourselves back into the mental attitude of the Spanish governors and Catholic fathers of 1767 down in what is now Mexico.

There was a vast region to the north of them. Vaguely they knew about it from the explorers of a hundred and fifty years before. The harbors might be used (San Diego, Monterey) as places of supply and refitting for Spanish ships coming from the Philippines. The Indians might be converted. So up came the soldiers and the padres, and with them began the colonization.

Royce shows us Americans as conquerors of the territory, the gold rush, the struggle for law and order, the admission of California as a state in 1850, and the social evolution since. Reading the book crossing the plains and the desert gave us a background.

Coming west on the Santa Fe, it is a remarkable thing to pass suddenly through a gap in the Sierra Madre Mountains and find oneself in a different world. It is but one step from the desert to a smiling, fruitful country. The tall yucca in bloom gave the signal, a field where a man was turning hay followed, and then suddenly we began to go by beautiful orange and lemon groves, nut trees and groves of the uncertain but highly profitable avocado, or alligator pear.

There was a delegation at the station in Pasadena when our California Limited rolled in—Dr. and Mrs. Henry, Mrs. Patterson and Mrs. J. P. Bonds, who met us with her beautiful car.

Instead of going to one of the hotels, where we would have been tourists, we went at Mrs. Patterson's suggestion to the Los Robles apartment near our new church. In ten minutes we were residents and housekeepers. In twenty minutes we were up to the corner buying coffee, eggs, butter, bread and oranges—oranges at ninety cents a dozen if you please, but good oranges. (I must confess there were plenty good for juice at twenty cents a dozen.) The butter place had a sign on it, "Cow Butter Store," which we assume was intended to advertise the fact that no goats were employed there.

Our furnished apartment was short a coffee pot, but we made coffee in a stew pan—good coffee, settled with a high grade egg—not the first time coffee has been made in a stew pan in California and not the first time I have made it without a coffee pot.

We had the first afternoon for rest, marketing, and prowling about. We did not have to go far for sights. All up and down our street were the most charming little detached houses, guarded by palm trees, covered with vines, surrounded by flowers. Next door there was a "hedge" of calla lilies in bloom. Near our new church there was another hedge of pink geraniums. And as for roses—they were everywhere, blooming in beauty, cut freely, given generously. Mockingbirds were hopping about in the guava bush under our kitchen window, eating the buds, and wherever we turned mockingbirds and linnets sang for us.

We were warned not to come in May because "it is the month of fog," but notwithstanding we came at this time because of the Convention. The high clouds or fog banks cover the mountains in the morning, but the sun shines afternoons and sometimes mornings too.

The church is just down the street a little way and to it I made my way after the marketing. It is one of the churches which come up to expectation. There is not a disappointing thing about it. They bought much for their $150,000. "We could not have done it," said Dr. Henry, "if we had not pulled together and if we had not had two men of our own congregation doing it for us keen to save money."

It is an early English Gothic church, with a beautiful tower which is an ornament to the city, with grounds and gardens about it which set it off, located centrally in a good residence neighborhood, but only two or three blocks from Colorado Street, the main artery of the city.

In the congregation of this Throop Memorial Universalist Church at Pasadena Sunday there sat a man who came to Pasadena in 1875, when practically all of the land now covered by this lovely city was a sheep pasture. This man was not aged and decrepit, but straight, alert and vigorous. He was a concrete illustration of how young the city is.

The romance of that earlier day of the Spaniards or Mexicans of course falls over Pasadena as well as the rest of California. Charlotte Herr has published a story called "San Pasqual, a Tale of Old Pasadena." In the preface John Steven McGroarty, of the Mission of San Gabriel, tells us that "the modern bustling city of Pasadena was once the great ranch of San Pasqual," and that one of the battles which gave California to the United States was fought in the grounds of the Raymond Hotel.

The city celebrated its fiftieth anniversary last year. Los Angeles, with its million people spreading out in every direction, comes up to the edge of Pasadena. Broadly speaking, it is all one city. The relation of Pasadena to Los Angeles is the relation of Brookline to Boston—a separate municipality but part of one great metropolitan area. Thirty miles from the sea, at the base of the Sierra Madre Mountains, Pasadena is beautifully situated. One vigorous old gentleman past eighty years of age tramped from Pasadena up Mount Wilson last week three days in succession—a nine-miles, three-hour tramp.

Dr. Henry's daughter, a senior in Occidental University, is starting off this week for a two or three day hike in these mountains with other students. They carry their own food and blankets with them.

Our first afternoon we went up to Professor Benjamin's home in Altadena at the foot of the mountains. Here we found a mathematician, an engineer, a physicist, once at Case School in Cleveland and then dean of Purdue University, retired and spending his days tramping the mountains, making sketches and painting pictures. To us the exhibition was highly creditable. And the best picture of all was that of this old man out in the deep canyons and up the rugged slopes catching the marvelous views near and far and making beautiful souvenirs of them.

On another visit to Altadena to see the Joe Marshalls, friends of war time, we watched the most beautiful little hummingbird sitting on her eggs near the tip of a pine branch just under the dining room window. Better even than this little lady were the three lovely children who have come since the war.

Our first night we dined with Mrs. Patterson at her apartment on El Molino Avenue—the street named after the mill of the Mexican period, now an old ruin. Here were the Rev. Geo. A. Miller and Mrs. Miller, once of Norwood, Mass., now of Pasadena, engaged in work for the Near East Relief, and Benarbe Solis of Manila, a talented pianist traveling with Ruggles and helping create the atmosphere he wants for his work.

We peeped down into the trees and bushes which Mrs. Patterson describes with such charm in "The California Southland," and saw some of her hummingbirds and linnets. Then came the last of Mr. Ruggles' course of lectures on "Mental Engineering." The lecture was well attended and a good number registered for the class lessons to be given this week. Ruggles is doing much work of this kind up and down the Pacific coast, helped and backed by his wife. His address was calculated to give self-confidence, courage and faith. It was listened to with attention and sympathy.

The Rev. A. C. Grier, formerly in our ministry, also is in Pasadena, pastor of a new church called "The Church of Truth." As Grier sees it, it comes near being "the truth, the whole truth and nothing but the truth."

Like Washington, Pasadena and Los Angeles are cities made up of people from all over. In the congregation Sunday I found people connected with every chapter of my life—a former pupil from Sharon Springs, the widow of the pure and noble man who gave me my start in the ministry, Dr. Charles H. Eaton of New York, a trustee of our church, members of my Sunday school class, and other parishioners from Washington, friends we made in War Relief Work in Europe, old friends of my wife in New York, old comrades in the ministry.

On Saturday night at a reception in the church, the following ministers were present: The Rev. Henry L. Canfield, now ninety-seven years old, through whose energy in old age the Pasadena church was started, the Rev. Charles H. Emmons of Los Angeles, head of the Near East Relief for the Pacific Coast, the Rev. Henrietta Greer Moore, the Rev. Blanche Young, the Rev. Alven M. Smith, Mr. Miller, Dr. Henry, Mr. Ruggles and myself.

In the Bible class I conducted Sunday, the Rev. Leonard Warren Brigham of Arcadia, Calif., spoke most effectively on "Mothers' Day." Dr. Brigham attends a Baptist church in Arcadia. When the Baptist minister fell in a faint in his pulpit on a communion Sunday not long ago, the congregation asked Dr. Brigham to administer the communion and he did so—in a close communion Baptist church, so-called.

Of a beautiful Sunday with the Pasadena Universalists I have little time to write. We were lucky to be there at the dedication of the memorial window to Dr. Norman Bridge. We were equally fortunate to see the Sunday school made up of about 200 active members under Capt. Chas. E. Hicks. The tall French windows of the Sunday school room go down to the floor, and make one feel almost as if the service were out in the garden. That same garden, with its lawn, its fountain, its beautiful flowers, its view, although much smaller, makes us think of "The Church in the Garden" in Honolulu, which Dr. Albert Palmer built. What a lovely memorial a garden is!

Our Washington friends transplanted to California, Mr. and Mrs. Perry Gath, Mr. and Mrs. A. M. Condra, Mr. and Mrs. Ralph Condra and Captain and Mrs. Robert Lewis, gave us a delicious dinner in the church between services Sunday, and twenty-five were present. Then we climbed to the tower of the church for a wonderful view. One looks from the ocean to the far-flung line of the Sierras,

and over the vast plain which is Pasadena, Glendale and Los Angeles. From the tower only the taller buildings showed up. All the others were hidden beneath the foliage of the palm, the eucalyptus, the pepper and other trees of this garden city.

Monday we went birding with Mrs. Patterson up the Arroyo Seco, or Dry River, and saw the Arizona hooded oriole, the western tanager, the California jay, California woodpecker, and the California towhee, besides birds we knew which were almost like the birds in the East—song sparrows with the same wonderful trill, but quite a different gait, robins quite the same, and mockingbirds exceptional only in their being everywhere we turned. We went driving with the Henrys and saw churches, colleges, schools, parks, and avenues of evergreen trees called deodars.

One such avenue lighted up annually makes not the community Christmas tree but the Christmas forest. We had tea with Mrs. Eaton at her charming place on California Terrace near this same Arroyo Seco, in the district the artists love.

We were sorry to leave lovely Pasadena, our Universalist people, our devoted pastor and his family.

We don't want to leave the East or give up our work, but we are sure that the worst thing that could happen to us would not be to be sentenced to a term of years in Pasadena or association with a noble fellow like Carl Henry.

Riverside, California, May 12, 1925.

Seen on a Leisurely Journey---II

Lee S. McCollester

HAVE you ever been at Lourdes? If not, then interesting surprises are yet in store for you. For four days I have been here, two when the sun was bright and two when dark heavy clouds dripped the wettest kind of rain. In my travels I have been in many strange cities, and have seen many strange sights, but in these four days I have seen such sights of nature and human nature as have stirred me to varying emotions of reverence, perplexity and indignation.

I came to Lourdes, as many a Protestant before me has come, because it is one of the best starting points for the heart of the French Pyrenees. My immediate way of approach has been through a pathway of relics of ancient and departed glory and power, and under the spell of this I arrived at Lourdes.

Following our arrival at Naples the last of February we had seen a great deal of Italian and French modernism. The ancient Rome of the Forum and Coliseum was pushed into the background by the modern spectacular jubilee festivities. The city was crowded with Catholic pilgrims. The mass of the visitors were not seriously studying ancient art or early Christianity, but daily spectacles, rich in their display, but poor in their art, materialistic in their effects and noisy in their operation. Likewise we found the Florence of Savonarola and Dante was sunk beneath the Florence of the excursionists and the patronage of the lace-buying Americans. So also the Rivieras, from Rapallo to San Remo, and from Mentone to Cannes, were sought by the crowds not for the beauties of the sea-washed foothills, but for the exciting artificialities of a frivolous social life.

In our travels we had had brief experiences with these modern emotions in their several settings, but to rid ourselves of them we had gone into the Provence region to spend the Easter season. Our headquarters was at Avignon, and the days were spent in motor trips to the old Roman ruins of the region. It is strange how certain names and periods dominate men's minds. In the modern mind Rome is powerful and Avignon is vague. There was a time when the names of Avignon, Arles, Nimes, Les Baux, carried fear even to Rome itself. Nimes and Arles had Roman arenas and royal palaces, and Avignon was the home of Popes who ruled the Catholic world. On this Easter Day we did three things in our search for an adequate celebration. We followed first a very witty French guide, a retired army officer, through the mammoth rooms in the old Popes' Palace of Avignon. This structure is a massive group of halls, more suggestive of a fortification of generals than of a palace of Christian Popes, and belonged to the period when the Popes from Clement V to Gregory XI—1309 to 1377—ruled here, and when the city had 80,000 people. Our round of exploration led us up and down strange stairways, often hidden in towers, through lofty halls where scenes of persecution have lingered longest in the memory of men, and then along the ramparts where soldiers used to watch for the enemies of Popes.

In the next place we went into the cathedral that adjoins the palace. It is an unattractive edifice, founded in the fourth century, rebuilt in the twelfth century, and since then remodeled many times. The worshipers were faithfully telling their beads, and priests were moving about the high altar, but the place and service gave to us little suggestion that it was Easter Day. We finally turned away from ancient palace and cathedral and wandered out into the spring sunshine and stood on the lofty promenade, or terrace, whose base is washed by the waters of the River Rhone, and from which one gains inspiring views of the white summits of the Alps. Popes and priests, confessional boxes and inquisitions, were forgotten. God made the springtime, in New England and in France, beautiful, and He made the heart of man to be enthusiastically glad in the miracle of the springtime.

To these experiences at Avignon we joined others at Arles, Nimes, Vaucluse and Les Baux. All of these suggested the wonderful industry and creative purpose of Roman warriors and citizens. Of all of these Les Baux was the most interesting to me. It is a "dead city." It is located on the top of a lofty ridge of barren mountains that are east of the Rhone. Originally it was made both on top of the mountain and out of the mountain. Some of the rooms and build-

ings were cut out from the native rock. This was done by plan and expressed fine art. What the traveler of to-day finds are these native walls and rock-hewn rooms and shrines. Man's masonry has crumbled. In the Middle Ages it was the capital of one of the most powerful nobles of this part of France. Many historic scenes of love and tragedy were enacted here. Strong men and fair women come here for important conferences on matters of state or for entertainments that were the talk of the age. To-day we have here only a "skeleton city" with all of its flesh gone and part of its bones also.

Finally these wanderings brought us to Carcassonne, and on a very rainy night we settled ourselves in Hotel de la Cite, within the walls of the old city. This city years ago was going the way of all the other old cities of this region. The fortifications with their fifty towers were crumbling and a new town was growing up outside, when a wise governor of the region decided that this walled city should be repaired, in fact completely restored, and thereby kept for future generations so that they might see a type of what was once the custom of all princes of these regions. Thus to-day it stands essentially as it was in the fifth century. The streets are narrow as they used to be, and the houses are peopled with families, and a cathedral of the fifth century, restored in the eleventh and fourteenth centuries, occupies a side of the city. The wind and rain that night gave an atmosphere conducive to dreaming that ghosts walked the walls, and it was easy to imagine that the wind which whistled around the corners had some connection with some olden warfares.

One city more lay between us and our Lourdes pilgrimage, and this was Toulouse. Here again are most interesting Roman relics deserving of much study, and here also are streets busy with modern traffic. Here is a citizenship which in politics is liberal, but in religion is conservative. We met the pastor of the leading Protestant church and his wife. The war had made living very hard for all in Toulouse, and no conditions had been more affected than those of the church. The after effect of the war had been to quicken the Catholic activity and reduce the Protestant power; it had made religion a thing of politics and had taken away its spirit of freedom and tolerance. To be a Protestant is to suffer in business and social relations; favors are given only to Catholics.

While I found much to admire, such as fine old Roman ruins, a modern university and active business, I could not escape a feeling that the old city was discouraged, and it seemed to me that the condition was symbolized by the darkened street of the night time. One evening after dinner I went on the streets to purchase a newspaper. I walked the length of Rue de Metz, and in my walk I saw only two stores that had left their iron shutters up and their lights on. All the drug stores were closed and dark, not a person did I meet on my walk out and back, and no newspaper could I find, and yet it was not 8.30 by the clock. It was a silent city at night and in the day a saddened city.

From here we moved on westward, stopping for a few hours at Luchon, at the foot of the Pyrenees, a town of big hotels, and in the summer full of action, but in the spring forlorn and deserted.

From Luchon we had a glorious ride along the plateau lands, under excellent cultivation, and beyond saw the snow peaks of the Pyrenees. We felt that we were especially favored, for during many weeks preceding the rains and mists had shut out all view of these dividing battlements between France and Spain. It was just sundown when we were shown into a room at Lourdes. It looked down on the Cave and up to the Pyrenees. This was all we saw in that first glimpse, but we said at once, "This room suits us." What else could one desire than to go to sleep to the music of the running water and wake to look up to great white summits! Our chief object in stopping at Lourdes was to get a start for the highest shrines of the Pyrenees at Gavarnie and Cauterets. We ate our dinner by a window above the rushing river. As we sat at dinner we noticed that most of the guests must have already eaten and departed. The explanation we read in a foot-note on our menu, which asked that guests dine early so that the servants might go promptly to the cathedral services. While we were learning this fact our attention was drawn to the sound of singing in the open air, and looking out we saw across the river thousands of pilgrims joining in their evening song.

In 1858 this place was only a tiny village of a few houses and an ancient castle. It was nothing more than what Domremy was before Joan of Arc became famous. At that time a peasant girl of fourteen declared that the Virgin had appeared to her and had ordered a church built on the spot, and had promised healing from the water of the spring to such as should bathe in its waters. In the course of a few years the grotto and the spring were made shrines, and pilgrimages began to be made here for the healing from the waters. To-day the number who come is over one million a year, and thousands of these are washed in the waters while other thousands take bottles for the healing of their sick at home. As evidence of the healing value of the water one is shown thousands of crutches hanging from the walls, and photographs left by the sick who were healed here. In the cathedral also are tokens of gratitude. From floor to lofty ceiling these tokens cover the walls. Some are silver and gold hearts, some are photographs of those healed, or of the dead for whom prayers are said, and a great many of the most recent ones are for soldiers who fell in the war. One wonders where places can be found for the memorials that will be brought here in the coming years, for all the spaces available seem already to be covered. It is all a motley mass of decoration. We attended day and evening services in the cathedral and in the grotto. We saw a service conducted by a cardinal, and long lines of visiting priests. We saw hospital attendants belonging to the grotto help the lame and the blind, the old and the young, men and women, into the healing waters. We may not say how many if any received any physical help, but we did feel the pathos of the struggle of the people for health and life. We kept asking ourselves, how much here is fraud, how much is true, how much is superstition? Probably something of all of these qualities is here—bad

as well as good. No one could look on the large mass of people and not marvel at the confidence and devotion expressed in their attitudes and deeds.

On one of the evenings of our visit a great ceremonial took place. It occurs once a month. The narrow streets had flowed with continuous streams of people. The cathedral had been filled all day with crowds, and in the evening its whole front was illuminated. Thousands of people in the park in quaint peasant costumes marched round and round, passing the cathedral and chanting in tones that filled the valley. One special refrain was continually repeated. It was so simple that any one hearing it once or twice could easily take it up. Tens of thousands of candles illumined the park and the voices of thousands of men and women rose and fell upon the air. The impressions we received were varied. At first it seemed artificial and crude, full of weirdness and superstition, and yet to us Western intellectuals it was also impressive and suggestive. The people who come for these ceremonials are from all parts of Europe, and some from America. The town has hotels for the wealthy, dormitories for the poor and hospitals for the sick. Some of the people bring from home their bread and wine, and sometimes come trainloads of pilgrimages from special sections of Europe. One evening we watched a train bound for Brittany; all the cars were third class save two in which the priests rode. There must have been a thousand people in this train. The trip each way was one of thirty-six hours at least, and these people joyously endured all this discomfort in order that their souls might have the comfort of a blessing from these shrines.

Lourdes is merely a rooming and feeding place for pilgrims, and at every corner are stands or show rooms with souvenirs of the place. Here one finds crucifixes which have been blessed at the cathedral; bottles, varying in size from two ounces to two gallons, to convey water home from the holy spring; statuettes of the Maid and the Virgin. No American resort that I know has so many stores of souvenirs as we saw here, and I wonder how many thousands of candles, or more truly how many tons of wax, were consumed each season by the pilgrimages in their evening services and in the burning at the altar as an expression of a prayer.

The impressions made upon me by all of this were constantly changing. At one moment I felt indignant at what seemed the deceits practised upon the credulous pilgrims and the false hopes of health that were held out to the sick; at another moment I respected the simple faith of these simple people who were sacrificing heavily in money and comfort for what they considered their soul's eternal good. At another moment I asked myself what Pilate asked of Jesus, "What is the truth?" Religion is not a creed, not a ceremony, not final facts, and yet denominations are fighting over their little questions of what is right and wrong in words and ritual and forgetting the greater things of judgment and mercy.

Rome, Florence, Avignon, Les Baux, Carcassonne, Lourdes—each has had its day of power. In each are relics of its one time political or religious or social strength. That for which each selfishly strove in its ambition for permanent and universal supremacy has turned to ruins. That which was really universal and permanent has been handed on and is appearing in constantly new forms and symbols. The great truth is constantly reaffirming itself that governments may be many but justice is one, that ritual may be many, but religion is one, and that races may be many but humanity is one. My Universalism is steadily growing less sectarian and more universal.

III—A Religion for the Whole Man

Daniel Evans

WE may not agree with Huxley in the first part of his remark, but we thoroughly agree with him in the second, when he said: "It does not take much of a man to be a Christian, but it takes the whole of him." If he meant that any man may be a Christian if he gives himself wholly to the Master, then we would go with him; if he meant that it does not take much of a man to be a Christian, then we would dissent, for to be the best Christian requires the greatest soul and the whole of it.

The converse of the matter, however, is what we now have in mind. It requires the whole of the Christian religion for the full satisfaction of the soul of man. The whole Gospel is required for the whole man. It will not suffice to present a third, or half, or three fourths of the Gospel. If we are to minister to the whole and to all men, then we must present the whole Gospel. But if one examines himself, or if he studies the preaching of others, or the history of the Church, he will discover that, too often and with too many, not the whole Gospel for the whole man, but only a part of the Gospel for a part of the man has been given.

Some have a gospel only for the intellect of man. They are interested in some truth of the Gospel, and in the rational nature of man, and with this truth they endeavor to satisfy the intellect. This Gospel is not small, and the part of man to which they minister is not insignificant; its truth is great, and the intellect noble, but man is more than his intellect, and the Gospel more than some aspect or other of truth, and therefore there is a failure to satisfy the whole man, and the tendency is towards an ever increasing rationalism, dry light, sheer reasoning, with a reduced minimum of things to be believed.

There are others who only have a gospel for the heart. They are interested in the emotional aspects of religion, and in the feelings of man, and they endeavor to present those aspects of religion which stir the feelings and make their hearers feel good, and they are much given to elaborate ritual. Certainly there are things in the Gospel which make this appeal to the feelings, and find children, youth

and the mature folk at great depths, and there is a fine response from the heart, but man is more than his emotions, and requires more than the satisfaction of his feelings, if he would live fully and abundantly.

Then there are still others whose sole interest is in the noble ethical aspects of the Gospel, its everlasting principles of conduct, its great ends of life, its requirement of pure motives, its demand to make the actual conform to the ideal, and they preach to grip the will, gird it for action, direct it to true objects, sound the tocsin for moral adventure and exploits in making the world fit for human beings. It is needless to stay to point out the elements of truth in this gospel and how much it appeals to man to-day. But, great as is this Gospel, it is not the whole Gospel, nor does it suffice for the whole of life. The Gospel is more than morals, and life is more than three-fourths conduct, and man more than will.

These are all gospels, but they are not the Gospel. They all minister to some aspect or other of personality but they do not minister to the whole man. It takes the whole Gospel to satisfy the whole man.

We certainly have such a Gospel in the Christian religion, which can develop, enhance, enrich and satisfy all the needs, powers, strivings, functionings of man. The Gospel is the adequate truth for the mind; it has the adequate personal objects for the heart to love, and it presents man the one inclusive end in the Kingdom of God which can unify his whole moral life, and harmonize all his interests, and take up into itself all his fellowships.

The task of the preacher, and likewise of the Church, is to minister to the whole man with and through the Christian Gospel. No human need should be neglected, no specialism usurp our whole interest, no partialism keep us from a true Catholicism or Universalism, in message and in ministration. No person should be forced to seek the satisfaction of a deep essential ethical and religious need of his life in other messages and in other fellowships than the Christian message and the Christian Church.

Our Prayers Together

Florence H. Perin

FIVE minutes spent in the companionship of Christ every morning—aye, two minutes, if it is face to face and heart to heart—will change the whole day, and make every thought and feeling different.

Drummond.

Sunday, June 28

I know a little lonely country road,
Grass grown and shady, and a little sad,
Unused and lost in an enchanted wood,
Though once, it seems, 'twas highway, broad and glad.

Now, very few its secret entrance find,
It is so hidden from the world of men;
On foot I found it and on foot return
To feel its wistful mystery again.

There are so few such roads left us to-day.
And yet we need them sorely—for with wings
Agleam, and bird notes, my road lures me on
To the hushed country of Forgotten Things.

Louise Morey Bowman.

Heavenly Father, with joy we come to Thee, thanking Thee for the gift of memory that makes the dear days of yesterday our most precious possession. Thou, dear Lord, art our Shepherd. If Thou leadest us along the happy, care-free path of to-day we are glad and thankful. If in thought our journey is over the road of yesterday, which for a time seems to take us into the forest where shadows are, still we are thankful. Although our hearts are hungry for days past and gone, Thou givest us faith to know that nothing that we have ever loved is really lost. Bless to-day all whom we love, wherever they are, and guide us on life's journey until we meet at last in "the house not made with hands." *Amen.*

Monday, June 29

Tagore's father, Maharshi Debendranath Tagore, one of India's greatest spiritual leaders, once had a skeptical friend come to him and say, "You talk of God, ever and again of God! What proof is there that there is a God at all?" The Maharshi pointed to the light and asked his skeptic friend, "Do you know what that is?" "Light," was the reply. The Maharshi then asked, "How do you know that there is a light there?" The skeptic answered: "I see it; it is there and it needs no proof; it is self-evident." "So is the evidence of God," replied the Maharshi. "I see Him within me and without me, in everything and through everything, and it needs no proof; it is self-evident."

Kathrine R. Logan.

No longer will we doubt, O Father, for Thou hast opened the eyes of our souls and we *can* see Thee and feel Thy presence. In whole-hearted trust, we gladly face the day's work with its perplexities and obligations, knowing that Thou, our loving Father, who art in us and through us, will understand and will give us all the strength necessary. Bravely we go forth, for we are not alone. *Amen.*

Tuesday, June 30

It seemed so steep a hill
From where I stood,
My courage well nigh fled,
Try as I would.
But as I nearer drew
There seemed to be
Some kindly power smoothing it
Ahead of me.
And lo! as I trudged along
Renewed in hope,
There was no hill at all—
Only a gentle slope!

R. G. E. S.

We thank Thee, dear Father, that there are hills to climb, and for the vision in our souls which gives us courage to climb them. To-day we will not make excuses, we will not be tempted to give up

even the hard task. We will bravely start at the foot of the hill and travel on and on without a single backward glance. It is only, O Father, because Thy kindly hand is leading us and strengthening us that we can reach the top. After the day's climbing we come to Thee in thankfulness with hearts full of power and joy and peace. *Amen.*

Wednesday, July 1

"I think she regretted it afterwards," said a young girl thoughtfully. "She said it should be different next time, but then," with a little sigh, "so many things haven't any next time."

A. N. K.

So many times, O Heavenly Father, there is no next time, and the day that our selfishness has spoiled for some one perhaps whom we love will never come again, even though we are penitent. Especially in our own homes to-day, help us to be loving and gentle, so that when night comes we shall have no regrets, no promises to make to our guilty consciences that we will do differently another time. Help us to make the most and best of this day and fill every moment with loving service. Bless us and keep us. *Amen.*

Thursday, July 2

If I had my life to live over again, I would have made it a rule to read some poetry and listen to some music at least once a week; for perhaps the part of my brain now atrophied would thus have been kept active through use. The loss of these tastes is a loss of happiness, and may possibly be injurious to the intellect, and more probably to the moral character by enfeebling the emotional part of our nature.

Darwin.

Into the warp and woof of our lives, O Father, help us to weave loving thoughts and deeds. Each day may we find refreshment for our minds by absorbing the ideals of the great leaders of the world that we may be followers. Help us to follow closely in the footsteps of the greatest leader of all, Christ Jesus, whom we love. *Amen.*

Friday, July 3

Ideals are like stars; you will not succeed in touching them with your hands, but, like the seafaring man on the desert of waters, you choose them as your guides, and following them you reach your destiny.

Carl Schurz.

"O God, to Thee I humbly pray
That Thou wilt guide me day by day.
Help me to see my duty clear;
Help me to overcome all fear,
Though I may falter by the way,
O Father, guide me day by day."

Amen.

Saturday, July 4

One flag, one land, one heart, one hand,
One nation, evermore!

Oliver Wendell Holmes.

We bless Thee, Father of all souls, for our Republic, the genius of which contemplates for each and every citizen the right to think his own thoughts, and to enjoy the fruits of his own industry. Help us to cherish and hold these rights sacred. Above all, help us to use them in the spirit of the Christian religion which teaches us to do unto others as we would be done by. *Amen.*

Henry N. Couden.

Closing Exercises at Camp Hill

Lyman Ward

IT is a real fete — these closing days at the S. I. I. No matter what the weather may be, it is always a gala occasion. Two years ago the very windows of the heavens were opened and the rain descended in floods, but there was the same enthusiasm, the same fine crowd and the courage that one always feels at a Camp Hill commencement. This year the weather was heavenly, and James Russell Lowell could have said of our late May days what he said of a June day in New England years ago.

Our buildings had all been treated to a fresh coat of paint, and the delicate green mingled well with the foliage of our matchless grove. The white trimmings simply served to accentuate the outlines, so that our buildings stood out as beautiful pictures in a fairy woodland. Hard by in a clearing beautifully tufted with green grass stands "the big house"—a pure type of ante-bellum architecture in colonial yellow with white pillars. Never was field and forest in happier attire than on this anniversary occasion. The gardens with every sort of vegetable and flower and the fields with flaming, growing corn seemed to be in harmony with the youth who were swarming everywhere.

A detailed account of our festivities would take too much of the space of the *Leader* and I, therefore, can only write in briefest way. Most of our exercises occur at night and this year there were five nights, together with a full day Sunday and a domestic science contest on an afternoon thrown in for good measure. These exercises consisted of a recital for our music students, an oratorical contest, a contest in English, an alumni reception, an exhibition by our primary and grade schools, a presentation of "Daddy Long-Legs" by our dramatic organization, "The Southern Players," under the direction of Miss Mary Celina Ward, a unique and original class day given by our seniors, the noble commencement sermon preached by Dr. Albert Clayton Tebeau, and the commencement address of Leonard S. Biggs, concluding with the presentation of diplomas to thirteen graduates by the principal.

Our commencement was especially notable this year in the number of old students who returned. The school has never been large. The registration has never been over 150 in any year, and usually is around 100. Ordinarily it is an easy matter to meet all the alumni and have time for visiting. This year such throngs were here that the old ways had to be abandoned. The alumni reception on Saturday night

gave us a foretaste of what we were to see on Sunday, and the alumni banquet Sunday afternoon, which I purposely failed to list earlier in this article, was a notable gathering of just our own folk. Our dining hall was inadequate for the number who wished to attend. One of the best toasts was given by Mr. C. S. Whittlesey of Opelike, Alabama. Mr. Whittlesey had charge of our mechanical department when our first building was erected. This was twenty-six years ago and I think this institution has the unique distinction of being the only industrial school anywhere that erected its first building with student labor. Dr. Tebeau followed Mr. Whittlesey with fine effect. He had worked on the building Mr. Whittlesey was superintending. There were many other addresses, but I will not report them here. The Alumni Association is a vigorous organization and has supported a full scholarship of $150 for Camp Hill for many years.

This is the barest outline of our commencement. Now, if you will allow me, I will add a paragraph or two of human interest.

Clayton Tebeau is a grandson of the distinguished Dr. Daniel Bragg Clayton. Many of the older readers of the *Leader* will remember, I am sure, the heroic life and labors of this notable pioneer of our Universalist faith in the South. Young Tebeau came to Camp Hill when a boy and spent two years as a student, leaving just twenty-four years ago. For many years this lad, now become a man, was a successful osteopathic physician in North Carolina. I think he always had a turn for serious affairs, although he was one of the quickest-witted and most mirthful lads that I have ever known. He finally decided to enter the Episcopal ministry, and went to that famous school whither young Phillips Brooks and Henry C. Potter and others went, at Alexandria, Virginia. Young Tebeau is very proud of his grandfather and has only words of praise for the church of his childhood, and I, his old teacher, rejoice that he is so happy in his work and that the foundation for it all lies in the school and church in both of which I have spent so many happy and beautiful years. Dr. Tebeau is now rector of a prominent church in Bristol, Virginia, and if Camp Hill had done nothing more than to get men like him started it would have all been worth while.

Leonard S. Biggs came to Camp Hill twenty years ago, a raw country lad. He came, so he told me not long since, with the idea of getting education enough to become a clerk in a country store. He was not in Camp Hill very long before he changed his plans and wished for something more. On the day of his graduation he came to me and told me that he was to be a lawyer. I think I demurred, but the die was cast and he was to study law. With no money and no influence he set out for the university to work his way through. To-day he is one of the most prominent of the younger lawyers of the state. He is serving his second term as prosecuting attorney for the Twenty-first Judicial District of Alabama. Dr. Tebeau pictured life as a battle where all may ultimately win. Mr. Biggs spoke of life as a series of preparations with the watchword always, "I am ready."

My third paragraph is of a young girl who has no home and could not be in school except for the benevolences of friends in Birmingham, Philadelphia and elsewhere, the brightest girl, about, that we have ever had in school. This girl played Judy in "Daddy Long-Legs." All she had to do was just to act upon the stage her daily life. It is not surprising, therefore, that she should have made an ideal Judy. In the life of our students all our schemes and all our plans find fruition. Greater than any building that we may rear is the living heart of our boys and girls.

The Obligations of Christian Capital

AMONG the reports which will be submitted at the Universal Christian Conference on Life and Work, to be held this year at Stockholm, Sweden, from Aug. 19 to 30, is one commenting on the ethical problem which confronts the man of wealth. Briefly, it asks: What are the obligations of the capitalist—and to whom are those obligations owed?

The report, which is the result of a thorough investigation into the causes and remedies of industrial disturbances, has been in preparation during more than a year by the Commission on Economic and Industrial Problems of the American Section, headed by Dean Shailer Mathews of Chicago University, and made up of such leaders in religious, social and industrial work as the Rev. Worth M. Tippy, secretary of the Commission on Social Service of the Federal Council of the Churches of Christ, John P. Frey, Sherwood Eddy, Raymond Robbins, Prof. Graham Taylor, Mrs. Mary K. Simkhovitch, Samuel Mather, Kirby Page, Bishop Francis J. McConnell, George Foster Peabody, and Bishop Robert E. Jones.

This particular phase of the industrial problem is one which often goes unstressed in the face of more obvious physical problems. The social disadvantages of the poor man are more insistent in the public eye. But the rich man's problem is, none the less, of major importance.

"Many Christians are disturbed," the report notes, "by the great gulf that has come to exist between the rich and the poor, not only because of the sufferings and privations of those at the bottom of the economic scale, but also because of the spiritual isolation which the possession of wealth in the face or others' poverty brings to those on top."

The problem of the capitalist, the investigators remark, is ethical. He is one into whose hands circumstances have placed a power—the rewards of industrialism. But that power is, besides, a trust—he holds it under obligations.

"There is a disposition to-day within the Christian community," the report reads, "to question the ethical validity of pure profit in the economic sense—that is, a return from enterprise, a business transaction, that is quite beyond and separate from the 'going rate' upon invested capital and the 'wages of

superintendence.'" On the other hand, the investigators note that "American business men still cling as a rule to the individualism which resulted from boundless resources and unhampered enterprise, which no longer exist."

In those two observations are contained the two sides of the conflict. On the one hand stands a principle of just reward for service, and on the other a popular conception of economic reward.

"In practise," the report continues, "speculative enterprises demand a return according to the risk involved without reference to the question whether, granted that it is legitimate, the risk involved should not be socially insured. Although most would accept, probably few critical minds would attempt to justify by a Christian standard, the enormous profits which are frequently reaped from fortunate investment, and which are often dependent upon values created by the community, when it is impossible to show corresponding service to the community."

The whole problem rests on the concept of service, according to the investigators. The excuse for an enterprise should reside in its serviceability—its usefulness to society—rather than in its economic fruitfulness. In other words, the capitalist is placed in a position of trust—he is the steward, only, of the industrial benefits—and he owes an obligation to society. His enterprise must be economically sound, but it must, at the same time, be ethically and socially sound.

"An individual or a corporation," says the report, "serves the public when it supplies a real need at a just price. It is commonly assumed that to meet such a demand of the market is a fulfilment of the service requirement, and justifies the accumulation of a fortune in the process. Not only so, but industries which have their beginnings in a *bona fide* demand frequently lose the service motive in the rapid accumulation of wealth."

The members of the commission present as the only standard of measurement, one which is found in Christian ethics.

"It is difficult to see," they observe, "how there can be more than one answer to the issue. It is contained in the familiar concept of stewardship. But unfortunately that word seems to have lost its major significance—namely, that, for the Christian, private property, strictly speaking, does not exist, as it does not exist absolutely for any citizen. He does not own property, he holds it in trust for God. There is clearly no agreement among American Christians as to the consistency of the accumulation of large fortunes with the Christian view of wealth, but Christianity plainly requires that wealth shall be accumulated by a corresponding service; and if one has come into the possession of wealth, it becomes a social trust."

The obligations of the rich man, then, are the obligations of Christian service. The enterprise which he undertakes must have merit in the sight of God and society. It must satisfy more than a whim. And its rewards must be the just rewards of the undertaking rather than the economic rewards, out of proportion to any service rendered. In his spiritual isolation he must depend on himself alone—guided by a proper conception of Christian ethical standards.

"In any case," the report concludes, "it is from the Christian point of view axiomatic that, if the existence of large fortunes is held to be essential to the conservation of the social surplus, then it becomes the spiritual responsibility of those to whom this stewardship falls, to use their wealth as a tool rather than to wear it as a garment, and to recognize that stewardship is not alone a responsibility to God, but also directly to society."

It is in the avoidance of that responsibility—in the failure to recognize the obligations of Christian service and Christian stewardship—that the spiritual jeopardy of the rich man lies.

Another Step in Advance

Fred C. Leining, Chairman Board of Foreign Missions

IN Japan, it is a race between anti-religious Socialism and Christianity.—*Rev. C. Kawabata.*

The Japanese are thinkers. They crowd the book-stores for all types of reading matter. They are great readers, eager for anything that will make them think.—*Dr. Samuel G. Ayres.*

Orthodox Christianity has a very hard row to hoe, and our principal problem is how not to be reckoned as teaching the same thing. If we had the means to broadcast our point of view, we would make a hit. When the Japanese get our point of view, they are won to it.—*Rev. Henry M. Cary.*

The printed page will go as far as an individual and the mail will take it. The printed page will outrun the missionary himself. It will speak where the voice of the missionary does not reach.

A thousand copies of "The Philosophy of Universalism," by Dr. Frederick W. Betts, have been printed in the Japanese language. The author almost alone has financed this undertaking. Other translations are on the way.

Religion in the form that will help a person in daily living, something that will give a solution to the terrific social and international problems—this is the immediate need. Our Japanese ministers are asking for a publication that will be representative of all phases of our work as a Church. The paper will carry editorials on vital religious topics, something for the here and now. It will give the Japanese the facts concerning what the Golden Rule is doing through Arthur Nash. The articles of the highest merit will be printed in booklets. What the *Universalist Leader* is to the churches in America, this publication can become to the churches in Japan.

The New York State Convention is enthusiastic for this project. It has appropriated $300 towards the $1,500 needed. We need $1,200 for this extension program. Please send the contributions to Secretary Roger F. Etz, 176 Newbury St., Boston, Mass.

How Church Buildings Are Bungled

I HAVE been a careful observer of church architecture for a good many years. During that time I have dedicated more than three hundred Methodist Episcopal churches, besides several of other denominations. Therefore my observations do not rest upon a mere theoretical basis.

If all the grotesque and unsightly church edifices in this country should be burned to the ground at one time, there would be a vast conflagration extending from Maine to California. No other class of public or private buildings has been bungled so generally.

The new buildings are, as a whole, worse than the older ones. The Middle West, the Far West, and the South are dotted with churches that have gone up within recent years that are simply atrocious. Many of them are square, overgrown dry-goods boxes, to which have been added gables, a central dome, and some slender pillars in affectation of something Grecian. The Christian Scientists started this craze, but the churches have outstripped them in the ugliness of their buildings. Everything has been sacrificed to obtain the maximum of seating capacity at the minimum of cost. The architectural misfits are by no means confined to the West and the South. We have them in the East. But inasmuch as the East is naturally conservative, and inclined to cling to the traditional, we have not had the same temptation to follow new and grotesque styles in church architecture. Besides, the number of new church buildings here is much smaller.

Now to my simple mind the ideal school of church architecture is the Gothic. Its lines are always simple, chaste, and satisfying. The suggestion is one of worship. The Gothic is as well adapted to the small building as the larger one. It looks almost as well when built cheaply as when constructed of the richest materials and finished in the most elaborate way. It is charming in the city and more charming in the country. What more beautiful sight greets the eye of the traveler than a graceful Gothic church on the hillside or in the wide, open country? The Gothic building is best in its purity, and an earnest effort should always be made to preserve that purity. But, after all, it admits of certain modifications which adapt it to almost any form of modern church or community work.

One of the best features of a Gothic structure is the fact that it does not readily lend itself to a dome in the center of the ceiling. That dome has done more to produce faulty acoustics than any other six causes. I have known not more than a dozen churches of the dome construction that were satisfactory either to speak or hear in.

Seven out of every ten churches are too high. The height does not usually improve the outside elevation, and it makes a barn-like interior which is expensive to heat. Besides, it generally produces an echo or other sound imperfections. Architects claim that you never can tell with certainty just what an auditorium will be in its acoustic properties until it has been tested. That is largely true. But you are sure of having an echo if you have a high, square room.

In a large majority of the churches which have galleries, the galleries are altogether too high. What possible sense can there be in putting the gallery up near the ceiling? Such galleries are seldom used. People will not go into them. In this people are wise. They will not occupy them because they can neither see nor hear, and they do not feel comfortable to be perched up so near the roof. *The preacher seldom looks up at those in the gallery.* How can he do so without straining his neck and assuming an awkward attitude? In the average church the floor of the gallery at the front should be not more than eight feet above the auditorium floor. Seats in such a gallery will be quite as desirable as those on the main floor, and the minister will have one congregation to preach to—not two. If you want a fine example of the excellence of the low gallery, take a look at the Metropolitan Church, in Toronto. The gallery seats in that great auditorium are more desirable than those on the main floor, and are often filled before all others. The problems of light and ventilation can be handled as readily with the graceful low gallery as with the one set up on stilts.

The church of the "Akron plan" seems to be passing. Occasionally it has been found a real convenience to roll back the curtain and throw the auditorium and Sunday school room together. But the instances where this is really necessary are not very frequent. And to get this added capacity for occasional large congregations you are compelled to sacrifice the symmetry of the exterior and the churchliness of the interior.

The recent craze for the church "gym" is also passing. As I go about the country I find many of these gymnasiums used as storerooms or places for an occasional banquet. The reason for this is plain. Only about one pastor out of thirty has any taste or adaptation for the work of a physical director. While the man with taste or adaptation remains, the "gym" is well conducted and well patronized. But soon after the next pastor comes it is closed down. Perhaps our theological schools may, after a while, add a course of physical directorship to their curriculum, and in that way rescue the church "gym" from its present semi-uselessness. The plain fact is that the average church is either unable or unwilling to stand the added expense of a physical director, and if any acceptable directing is done, the pastor must assume the responsibility.

Church architecture is a distinct profession. Designing houses and business blocks and manufacturing plants is one thing. Designing churches is another. Not more than one general architect out of fifty is capable of designing a graceful and satisfactory church.

When a congregation is ready to build, the first and most vital preliminary is to find a real church architect—a man who is an artist as well as a builder, and whose experience in this delicate and difficult

field has been such as to make certain that, while planning a commodious and adaptable interior, he will give you a churchly exterior.

Building committees sometimes try to save money by employing a cheap architect. That is a fatal mistake. Good plans may seem a little expensive; but poor plans are more so. They are dear at the lowest price. If a committee is compelled to build a very small church out of inferior materials, that is nothing to be ashamed of. But let them get the best architect obtainable—a man who will make that little, inexpensive edifice a perfect ideal of beauty and adaptation. Because a building is of low cost is no reason why it should be ugly.

The blunders made by building committees within my knowledge make me almost shudder. The number of edifices that have been spoiled either in their designing or building is simply appalling. I will admit that blundering church architecture is not the unpardonable sin. But the character of a church building is so closely related to the possibilities of spiritual work which should be done within its sacred walls, that to make a failure out of a church building is an act that comes very near to being a crime.

I think we should have a regular Disciplinary Board of Censors in every Annual Conference to which all architectural plans must be submitted before they are adopted by the trustees or building committee. This board could be made up of men whose tastes and studies and experience have made them experts in this field, and whose advice would be beyond price.

Inasmuch as such a board has not yet been officially provided, all new church plans in the Philadelphia area are submitted to the resident bishop for his examination and approval before the building proceeds. By what authority does the said resident bishop assume to give direction in a matter like this? Answer: By the authority of the Discipline. Is it not his solemn duty to "oversee the spiritual and temporal business of the church?" And is not church building both spiritual and temporal business?—*Bishop Joseph F. Berry in Christian Advocate.*

Reactions of Our Readers

THE ATTACK ON THE CHRISTIAN CENTURY

To the Editor of the Universalist Leader:

In the editorial, "Army Chaplains," you refer to the "discussion between Colonel Axton, Chief of Chaplains, and Dr. Jason N. Pierce on the one side and papers like the *Christian Century* on the other side." You state that the *Christian Century* does not want to abolish the chaplaincies. In like manner the editor of the *Christian Century* wrote a letter to our *Universalist Leader* stating that all he ever wanted to abolish was "shoulder straps" or insignia of rank on the chaplain's uniform.

You, my dear Editor, have accepted his recent letter as proof sufficient. You will readily see why his letter seems strange and self-contradictory to chaplains. I have again read the article in question, to be found in the *Christian Century* of Nov. 20, 1924, and the heading "Get the Churches out of the Chaplaincy Business." You will find that this article seeks to abolish chaplaincies entirely, and ignores the fact that unless the Government does send chaplains to the army and navy these men will have no religious service. Ministers in civil life have no opportunity to perform such service except in very occasional ways.

I quote from the article in the *Christian Century:* "The chaplain represents an unholy alliance of the Church with the war-machine. It is high time for the Church to quit standing sponsor for army chaplaincies. Here the Church gives the lie to all her fine speeches and resolutions. The function of the chaplains has been to militarize the churches." Writing of the Federal Council efforts to aid the work of the chaplains the editor says: "We believe this entire activity of the Federal Council is pagan business and not Christian."

That, my dear Editor, is very plain language, and seeks to abolish more than "shoulder straps." However, it would not have created a stir among chaplains had not the editorial included a false, vicious and unwarranted denunciation of a man who is the gentle saint of the Chaplains' Corps, namely, John T. Axton. Here is a true Christian if one ever lived, and equally a peace-maker. Despite that, read this sentence in the *Christian Century:* "John T. Axton, Chief of Chaplains, in speeches and articles supports the pagan thesis that war is holy, inevitable, and proves his case from the Scriptures."

No, I do not believe that Jason N. Pierce, John T. Axton, the chaplains, and many leading churchmen have misunderstood the *Christian Century.* The article I quote is in print. It can be obtained by those who desire to read it. In view of these facts it seems to me that the editorial in our *Universalist Leader* is misleading, though most certainly not so intended.

Richard H. McLaughlin.

Hartford, Conn.

We do not have our files at hand, and in any event would not care to comment upon Chaplain McLaughlin's letter further than to state two or three rules governing our editorial action:

When the responsible official of any paper tells us the position of the paper, we accept it.

Especially is this the case when, as in the case of the *Christian Century,* we know the editors to be honest men.

In case of two possible interpretations of an article, we take as the meaning what the author says is the meaning.

We do not attempt to reconcile past statements with present statements, either in our paper or any other. What is said is said. Yesterday is not to-day.

We share the admiration Chaplain McLaughlin feels for Chaplain Axton, his old Commander-in-Chief.

We admire Morrison, editor of the *Christian Century.*

As to agreeing with either Axton or Morrison, that is a different story.

We do not know Axton's views on many questions. We do know Morrison's, and disagree with many of them, especially with his violent attack on the World Court. But he is honest. able, fearless, patriotic and useful.

Editor.

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DOES THIS ANSWER?

To the Editor of the Universalist Leader:

Please permit the following explanation to your correspondent who raises the question why theologically conservative people are liberals in politics and *vice versa.*

The difficulty arises because of the educated belief that human beings have minds of their own, apart from the one Mind which is good, or God. These human so-called minds want to have their own way, and that leads them into all sorts of inconsistencies and perplexities, from which acknowledgment of the Divine Mind as *omnipotent, omnipresent* and *omniscient* alone can rescue them.

This human or mortal "mind," which in the last analysis is the source of all our human woes, is what Paul refers to as the

"carnal mind which is enmity against God." Jesus describes it as "the devil, a liar and the father (of lies)." Paul also says: "Let God be true, but every man (human mind) a liar."

This explanation may not be acceptable to those who have been largely instrumental in glorifying and all but deifying this same human, mortal or carnal mind, so that it can be said with considerable reason: "The modern church is an attempt to say good-by to God—without hurting His feelings."

If we had less education in fine-spun, man-made theories and more of the constant realization that ever-present good is God; if we avoided the approval of the world with its illusions, delusions and false standards, and were content instead to know that "every good and perfect gift is from above, and cometh down from the Father of lights, with whom is no variableness, neither shadow of turning," and that in Him we actually "live and move and have our being," in short, if we would always reject the false testimony of the material senses (miscalled human or mortal minds) and accept only what has been scientifically demonstrated according to fixed principle, the many vagaries for which the human "mind" is responsible would eventually disappear. Knowing the truth, the truth would make us free.

To the extent that men everywhere shall recognize the one Mind as the author of all good and right activity, as the intelligent cause and Creator of all that is real, eternal and immortal, as Life, Truth and Love, to that extent shall we be all harmonious, that is, all of one Mind in Him, and our human inconsistencies, animosities and artificial distinctions shall be done away.

A. Gerhard Dehly.

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DOES THIS PLEASE?

To the Editor of the Universalist Leader:

"Curious," in a recent issue of the *Leader*, asks why the West is so "backward in theology and so progressive on economic questions."

Your inquiring correspondent is wrong in his diagnosis as to what ails the West. The "progressive" portion of the West is following the so-called progressive leaders for the same reason that it is following the so-called Orthodox theological leaders, and it follows the two sets of leaders for the same reason that the people devoted to these leaders buy patent medicines warranted to "cure all incurable diseases, raise the dead and cast out demons." In other words, the West has a good many unthinking people who allow their emotions to dominate their common sense. These people, usually fine in purpose, hear the offer of the advocates of the famous cure-all brands of remedies for various ills, including bad government, sin and indigestion, and rush to the fakers' meetings and buy liberally. Thus the men who give a mental charm to be believed in and repeated as a sure pass into a heaven here and hereafter, who present a Bolshevik scheme of economic salvation through stealing capital and upsetting the most successful form of government, or sell a patent remedy to relieve a man from the bad health incident to gluttony, moonshine liquor and unnatural living, are successful in the West. In the East the same class of people, who open their mouths like young robins and swallow what is dropped in by old birds, are common, but, according to the election returns, not so plenty as in the West. A civilization a little older than that of the West has caused the people here to think before they swallow.

Owen R. Washburn.

Marlboro, N. H.

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WE MUST NOT EXPECT CONSISTENCY

To the Editor of the Universalist Leader:

The communication to the *Leader* headed "Who Knows How to Answer This?" and signed "Curious," interests me very much indeed, not so much because of its first question, which applies to the West, as its last question, which applies to the East. If indeed "Curious" can ask: "Will some of your readers who know the West tell me why the West is so backward in theology and so progressive in economic questions?" "Curious" can also ask with equal propriety this question: Why are people in the East who are so liberal in theology (*i. e.* Universalists and Unitarians) so utterly conventional in economic and social matters? (This is notoriously so among Universalists and Unitarians.)

These are perplexing questions indeed. I do not know the West and have not spent many years in the East, so I shall not attempt to answer the questions. In fact I am as curious as "Curious" is. But perhaps we can both find an indication which points the way to an answer in this very suggestive and significant assertion made by the scholar, J. G. Fraser, in his "Golden Bough:" "Unless we allow for the innate capacity of the human mind to entertain contradictory beliefs at the same time, we shall in vain attempt to understand the history of thought in general and of religion in particular." This same comment applies as well to contemporary as to historical thought and activity. After all, we must not expect consistency from human beings. He who does will live to be a cynic of the first order! We must not expect a principle applied with enthusiasm to one field of endeavor to be applied in all fields! These things ought so to be, but the fact remains they are not so. Poor man, thou art indeed limited!

Norman D. Fletcher.

Haverhill, Mass.

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IS OURS A LIBERAL CHURCH?

To the Editor of the Universalist Leader:

In one of the larger cities of the Middle West there is a lone struggling Universalist church. It was organized in 1884. To-day it is virtually a mission supported by the State Convention within whose jurisdiction it is located. Within a stone's throw is a vigorous, growing Unitarian church, which has come into being much later. And the reason for the existence of the latter is that the older church was so hopelessly conservative, in other words, orthodox, hence not an out and out Liberal church.

Now we have the pitiful spectacle of a church which thinks it has a more refined and superior brand of Liberalism, struggling against hopeless odds. This may be an extreme case, but it is typical of many. I wonder if in this circumstance we can not find a clue to our comparatively slow growth as a denomination.

Why in heaven's name are we so anxious to be thought respectable by the Orthodox Churches? Have we not a distinct mission? Yet how often have I not heard our good people trying to convince our Orthodox friends how religious and regular we are! If so, why not fold our tents and steal into the Orthodox camp entirely?

Of course we should be friendly and kind and willing to co-operate in all ways we can without losing self-respect. In other words, let us stand firmly and boldly on the Liberal platform and proclaim ourselves an ultra Liberal Church. If we are less than that I can not see why we have any excuse for a separate existence.

Had we been less conservative there would never have sprung up vigorous Unitarian churches where we were already on the ground. Indeed, there would have been no need for such, and our alert and practical Unitarian friends would have been quick to see that.

C. A. Polson.

Hoopeston, Ill.

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RHODE ISLAND CONVENTION

Fred C. Carr

The eighty-eighth annual session of the Rhode Island Universalist Convention was held at the First Universalist Church, Harrisville, Wednesday, June 3, 1925.

The Rev. Charles P. Hall, president, called the session at order at 10.25. Prayer was offered by the Rev. Henry I. Cushman, D. D.

The following session committees were appointed by the president: Committee of Arrangements, Rev. Arthur M. Soule, Rev. E. Dean Ellenwood. Auditing, Mr. Charles B. Fisher, Mr. James D. Carpenter. Resolutions and Recommendations, Rev. Fred C. Leining, Mrs. Delia Huling, Mrs. Luella Hamlet, Mrs. George A. Smith, Mrs. Julian S. Cutler. Nominations, Mr. Daniel E. Peckham, Mrs. Delia Huling, Mrs. Ella Mongeon, Mrs. Leslie F. Mowry, Mrs. S. Fred Carpenter. Credentials, Mr. Charles B. Fisher, Mrs. Carl B. Howland, Mrs. W. A. Sweet.

The Woman's Missionary Society was represented by Mrs. Walter A. Presbrey of Providence, who gave a very complete report of the accomplishments of the past year.

Miss Florence G. Bullock, representative of the Rhode Island Universalist Sunday School Association, reported the good work that had been done during the past year, particularly the helpfulness of the teacher training class and the other helpful experiences of the different schools. She reported the schools in fine condition generally, and looks for much to be accomplished during the coming year.

The Rev. Charles P. Hall, minister of the Valley Falls church, was the preacher of the occasional sermon, and brought a message rich in suggestion upon the subject, "The Power of Thought."

The following officers were elected: President, Rev. Charles P. Hall; vice-president, Mr. Anson B. Wheelock; treasurer, Mr. Charles A. Russell; secretary, Mr. Fred C. Carr; trustees for three years, Rev. Henry I. Cushman, D. D., Mr. Henry Rice; trustees of the Publishing House, Mr. James D. Carpenter, for three years, Rev. Fred C. Leining, to fill the vacancy caused by the resignation of Rev. R. R. Hadley, for two years. Fellowship Committee, Rev. E. Dean Ellenwood, Mr. J. Everett Thayer, Rev. Arthur M. Soule, Rev. Julian S. Cutler and Mr. Walter A. Battey.

Resolutions and recommendations were adopted thanking the Harrisville church for its hospitality; expressing appreciation of the notable ministry of Dr. Henry I. Cushman not only to the communities which he has served but to the Convention in official capacity and to every department of Universalist advancement; wishing success to Rev. Rubens R. Hadley, who has resigned from the pastorate of the First Universalist Church of Providence, in his new field at Newton, Mass., and expressing the appreciation of the Convention for his service as State Superintendent; recognizing the constructive and progressive work of the General Sunday School Association, and recommending that the sum of $150 be appropriated from the Convention treasury before July 1, for its use; heartily endorsing the Five Year Program of the General Convention, and urging that the churches in the state work for its advancement; rejoicing in the work of the National Laymen's Committee in winning the churches to this Five Year Program.

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THE PARABLES OF SAFED THE SAGE

The Parable of Plenty of Bananas

Beloved, thou canst take a Party around the world, and show them Little or Much, and it shall prosper with them and with thee if thou Feed them well. Every party that doth travel abroad is a success if the Eats are good, and no Knowledge or Kulture that is to be gained by Travel can compensate for a Poor Dinner.

Now, upon a ship, the Eats are usually Good, and they are more than sufficiently Abundant. But it is a relief now and then to get ashore and eat in an Hotel. And I can tell thee where the Hotels set better tables than the Ship, and they be not many. But and if a man shall say, I desire a little Variety, then may he eat a Dinner at the Washington at Panama, which belongeth unto the Government of the United States, and he will depart with an enhanced opinion of the management of his Government. But such hotels be few. And I can name many that double the price for Tourists and cut down the Menu.

Now there is an hotel in a far-away land, where they undertook to feed Six Hundred American tourists for a fixed price, and I think they intended to retire from business thereafter and live on the profits of that one meal. For, though they were well paid, the portions were exceedingly small, and everything was cold except the Ice Cream. And when their food gave out then did they bring in Great Baskets of Bananas.

And if thou shouldest say, I desire Fish, then would the waiter say, Yes, sir.

And he would disappear. And if he ever came back, it would be with a Basket of Bananas.

And if thou shouldest say, I desire some of the Roast Beef which is printed upon the Bill of Fare, then would he say, Yes, sir; wilt thou not also have a Banana? And he would give thee the Banana and thou wouldest see him no more till he appeared for his tip.

Now I have known men whose Ideas are of this sort. They have a Very Small Stock in trade save for some Hobby, and they Perpetually Bombard their defenseless fellow men with that one idea. And thou canst not steer them into any other channel so that they may be required to furnish thee with some thought for which thou mightest care. It were better to have Bananas than no food, but there cometh a time when too free an offering of Bananas may imply a lack of anything else.

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MILITARY TRAINING AND RELIGION

The general secretaries of the Federal Council of Churches have sent the following letter to the *New York Times:*

> "In a recent issue of the *New York Times* an article concerning the Citizens' Military Training Camps contained a statement to the effect that the Federal Council of the Churches had taken action endorsing the Government's general program of military training camps.
>
> "In view of the misunderstanding which has arisen on this point, will you permit us to state in your columns that the concern of the Federal Council of the Churches with the Citizens' Military Training Camps is limited to the work of the chaplains in behalf of the moral and religious welfare of the men who attend the camps, and that the Federal Council's Committee on Army and Navy Chaplains has no relation to any other program in connection with the camps than that of providing a ministry to the spiritual needs of the men."

Since the publication of the article referred to, which does not appear to have been printed elsewhere, many inquiries have been received at the Federal Council offices concerning its position on the whole question of military training.

The following points should be fully understood:

(1) The Federal Council, through its Committee on Army and Navy Chaplains, has taken the position that whenever military camps are organized, ministers of religion should be assigned to them.

(2) As to the status of such ministers, that is, the relation of the chaplain to the army, the Federal Council at its recent meeting in Atlanta appointed a committee to consider the question and to report at the annual meeting of the Executive Committee next December. It is felt by many that the minister should not be a soldier—should be responsible only to the Church and not to the army. Others insist that military discipline is such, in its nature, that even the ministry of religion can acquire signficant status only by being organized under army authority and subject to considerations of discipline and rank. Still others feel that although it would be theoretically desirable that the chaplain should be a civilian, it is better to make a concession at this point than to have the army deprived of all religious ministry.

The question is now up for discussion and decision so far as the Federal Council is concerned.—*The Federal Council Bulletin.*

What the Religious Weeklies Are Saying

A "CHAPEL OF EMINENCE"

The Unitarian Church, one of the smallest organized Christian groups in America, has from the beginning ranked very high in the number of its eminent men and women. Its appeal has always been strongest to persons of culture, and its stronghold has been those older communities where education was most prized and where the fruits of generations of culture were being gathered. Without using the words in any derogatory sense it might be called a "class church," and the class would be very high and fine. Naturally this distinction crops out whenever certain surveys are made. The Hall of Fame, for example, is almost a Hall of Famous Unitarians. The proportion of Unitarian ministers' sons who gain eminence is larger than that of any other denomination. Just now that irrepressible denominationalist, the editor of the *Christian Register*, who, we are fain to think, would find a much more congenial field for his talent in Methodism than in the cool and rarefied atmosphere where he now draws breath, is setting up what he calls a "Chapel of Unitarian Eminence." Taking "Who's Who" (1899-1924) as his Book of the Peerage, he finds that it contains the names of no less than 776 adherents and members of the Unitarian churches. This is a fine showing, and even though we accept the editor's statement that it is not published "with a flourish of authority," he must let an admiring Methodist say that he has done us all a service. Will not some one go farther and inform us, not how many names might be listed in a "Chapel of Methodist Eminence," but how many in the grand list of Americans who have rendered the most conspicuous service in the past quarter century, as indicated by their inclusion in this important reference volume, were members or adherents of any church? Unless our conjecture is very far astray the figures would constitute a powerful testimonial to the claim of the churches that their membership has furnished and is furnishing the leadership of America. It would go far to offset the impudent assertions of our pagan and near-pagan magazinists, that the Christianity of the churches is an obstacle to the civilization of the American people.—*Christian Advocate (Methodist)*.

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UNITARIANS SHOWN THE WAY

How, after all, does a church come to its spiritual power? For surely, an organization has spirit and power. When we answer our question, we have to confess to a feeling of disappointment that the Centenary celebration did not sustain a note of declaration and interpretation of the inmost springs of life. We did not hear enough of the mystical elements which determine our careers, and which ought to have run through the sessions. We listened for a challenge on the importance of thought—hard, orderly, constructive thought, or, in other words, theology, suited to our present-day knowledge, but it was not stressed into primary importance.

We Unitarians have absolutely no reason for being, as a distinctive church, unless we have a distinctive function. If we are like any other church, let us amalgamate. Otherwise, let us be ourselves, for the good of all the churches. We make the asseveration that we are, because we have our own service to perform. We somehow got the impression during the week that a kind of conspiracy against thought, against theology, was inspired from a far-off mysterious source. A layman spoke amusing and amazing things, in that they were utterly ignorant, concerning theology; and at least three ministers talked as though religion needed not doctrine but spirit, not theology but sociology, not beliefs but personalities. How superficial, or at least inadequate, such conclusions are. And how damaging to spiritual values!

What is theology, that we should continually talk this empty stuff about the folly of creeds? Theology is not to-day, as it once was, the science of God, because God is only part of theology, and for some God, in the old sense, is not. Religious experience, all of it, is the material of theology. Theology is the science of religion. Objective phenomena in the world are material. The metaphysics that underlies our physical being, the philosophy that is distilled from the facts of existence, the theology that relates all that is to the Cause or Power or Person —these are the things that make beliefs and a church. And without them was never church made that was made. Among intelligent people, theology is the most important factor.

We mean that theology, without either indefinite or definite article, is our chief business, in enriching the religious life and giving us corporate power to serve the hosts of mankind.

For as a man thinketh in his heart, so is he. Specifically, he is a Unitarian because he can not accept orthodox beliefs. He must have better, truer beliefs. It is a slander to say he wants none of creed. He must believe, or he dies. He wants a respectable, intelligent creed, a true and satisfying theology, based on fundamental law. And to talk, as we do, of religion being the glorious comprehension in each one's life of goodness, beauty, and truth, is ridiculous among Unitarians unless or until we realize that of these three the greatest is truth.

It is the quest of truth and the love of truth that makes the soul reach out for the fulness of righteous, harmonious, and eternal life. It is ours to encourage deepest inquiry, and to consecrate the intelligence to its unceasing duty. It is not ours to reduce the number of our doctrines, but rather to increase them and prove them, for without them religion loses its reality and thins out into a filament of nothingness. Especially is the call of theology to this new day of indifference to the church, for when we think mightily on the deep things of man and the Eternal, the churches flourish, as they have ever done, and the whole world is renewed in joy and peace.—*Christian Register*.

* *

A FALLACY

In all the discussion of Prohibition that has been going on during the last two or three years there has been present, especially in the arguments of the "wets," a fallacy which needs correcting. The fallacy to which we refer is that of presenting the present situation in this country, more especially as regards Prohibition enforcement, against the background of an ideally dry society, and then denouncing what is going on as evidence of the failure and even criminality of the whole Prohibition policy. Inasmuch as the world has never yet been dry at any time, why should we judge existing conditions from the standpoint of this ideal dream? Why indeed should we judge any condition as a measure of achievement from the standpoint of any ideal? Is not the real standard not what ought to be now, or what may be to-morrow, but what actually was yesterday? In other words, should we not estimate our progress from where we started, from things as they actually were when we undertook to make them better? As regards the Prohibition situation, nobody can deny that we are falling far short of what we hoped to attain when the eighteenth amendment to the Constitution was enacted. But this is not the question! Are we making progress, are things better than they were, is America drier since the eighteenth amendment was adopted than she was before? These are the real issues, and they are the issues which are almost never met! The fact of the matter is, as the "drys" know, and the "wets" ought to know, the situation as regards the liquor problem to-day represents a vast improvement over anything that has been known before. If any city is wet to-day, it is New York. We have lived in this city eighteen years; we knew it well before the adoption of the Prohibition amendment, as we have known it since. In spite of all the wetness, the liquor situation in New York is so much better than it has ever been before, that we can not imagine anybody but a lunatic desiring to return to pre-Volstead days. John Lovejoy Elliott, the eminent social worker, has spent a generation living among the

tenement dwellers of Manhattan, and it is his testimony in the February issue of the *World To-morrow* that "bad as the conditions are in the tenements of the districts which I know, brought about by boot-legging and home brew, they are immeasurably better than they ever were in the days of the saloon." All we have to do to realize that Prohibition is a success is to remember what went on in the old days, and then compare with this the situation as it exists to-day. It is just because this comparison vindicates the Prohibition policy that the "wets" refuse to allow the discussion to be conducted from this standpoint.—*Unity.*

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SOAP AND SUNSHINE

Fifty-seven years ago, a sixteen-year-old English boy, William Hasketh Lever, found his first job, cutting and packing soap. He gradually rose in the soap factory, married when he was twenty-two, and ere long set out on the manufacture of soap on his own account. He worked hard. Even in later years he would usually get up at four in the morning and, after forty-five minutes on his electric horse and a light breakfast, would work until six or seven in the evening. He sacrificed himself and made his factory succeed. He ploughed in his profits, bought land on one of the tributaries of the Mersey, built a great factory across from Liverpool, put up any number of cheery Elizabethan cottages for his workmen, dubbed his new village Port Sunlight, supplied it with churches and clubs and schools. Every cottage had a garden. The villagers had a swimming pool, gymnasium, library, hospital. He cut the working day to six hours, and put in two shifts. "Let the machines sweat, not the men," he said. He was interested in making fine men and women, rather than fine dividends. He gave the working people a chance to get stock in his enterprises. They hold about sixteen million dollars worth now and receive more than a million yearly in dividends. Every time we buy "Lux," "Lifebuoy," "Welcome," and "Sunlight" soaps, we add our tiny mite to the Leverhulme profits—the soap cutter had become a baronet in 1911 and Viscount Leverhulme in 1917. Lord Leverhulme, like Edison, was quite deaf. Perhaps the misfortune helped him to accomplish just so much more by making concentration the easier. He developed a real love and understanding of the fine arts. His Hampstead Heath home became a place of taste and beauty. His death last week deprived the world of one of the men who represented the transition from the old type of business autocrat working for his own profit to the new type—leader of a democratic group of workers. —*Christian Work.*

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REVIVAL OF "DEFENSE DAY"

Endeavors to resurrect Defense Day, which was so effectively buried by the wholesome public opinion of millions of high-minded American citizens last fall, are now being made, it appears from recent Washington dispatches. The proposal of the General Staff, which at this writing awaits the President's approval, is to set aside Nov. 11 as a regular annual Defense Day in connection with the Armistice celebration. The Reserve Officers' Association is said to approve the plan. During the recent tour of active duty in Washington, attached to the General Staff, of a group of reserve officers drawn from all nine corps areas, a committee was named to look into the Defense Day question and report to both the War Department and the Association. The committee report, which urged selection of Armistice Day as the proper occasion for the proposed annual muster for the purpose of "taking periodic stock of our national defense," was unanimously approved by the full group and also by the Association, which has caused it to be widely distributed among its officer members. The special committee was headed by Col. Harry C. Jones of Baltimore, commanding officer of the 319th infantry, organized reserve, and included Col. Newbold Morris, New York City, field artillery reserve; Lieut.-Col. Stanley J. Eaton, Sioux City, Ia., 350th infantry, and Lieut-Col. Ralph H. Durkee, San Antonio, Tex., commanding the special troop, 90th division, organized reserve. The movement to stir the military spirit each year in the hearts and minds of the people of the United States is one fraught with the greatest danger to the welfare of the country and to world peace. We hope that Mr. Coolidge will not approve the plan but will instead continue to insist that the energies of the leaders at Washington be directed to those constructive proposals which promise to promote understanding and good-will among the nations.—*Zion's Herald.*

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A MISUNDERSTOOD MAN

From several sources we have gathered the items in the new creed of Bishop William Montgomery Brown, who has been convicted of heresy by the Protestant Episcopal Church. We have harbored an unfair opinion of this man. It seemed to us that his social doctrines, which were much in the press before and during his trial, were bizarre; but when we study his mature theological positions, we are profoundly impressed by the scholarship and piety of the Bishop. He is a very important figure.

In fact, we are carried to a high place by his definitive, thorough, and constructive restatement of theological belief. He is a liberal, a modernist. He is a man of power. There is more real intellectual ability in a page of his reasoning than there is in a volume of such a type as Fosdick, for example. Bishop Brown shows the breed of a strong stock. He neither falters nor qualifies his beliefs, and when he is done he leaves you with an invigorated soul as well as an enlightened mind. Of all the doctrinal outgivings of recent years, by honest and would-be seekers of spiritual truth, nothing that we recall compares with Bishop Brown as he writes, for instance, in the *Independent* for April 25. Please get the paper.

That article contains the marrow and sinew of a new Reformation, if such is soon to be. He is wasting no time in negations. He seeks and finds "a larger thought of God," and of all other subjects of religion. He first correctly represents the churches as saying to their ministers:

> "God is like this. This is the correct concept of God and you deviate from it at your peril. Note the label. Observe that this God has been officially examined and approved. Take no substitutes. None genuine without this signature."

That is both accurate and damning. It is exactly what is required throughout Christendom, except in free churches.

But what is Bishop Brown's idea of God?

> "My God, the God of the kingdom of righteousness (he says) is law. I do not make man a law, or a god, unto himself. The law is beyond man, in the great reality of which he is a puny part in the 'eternally energizing power,' as Prof. J. A. Leighton says.
>
> "My God is the law of all nature by which matter and force eternally co-exist and co-operate in the evolutionary processes which manifest themselves in the phenomenal cosmos.
>
> "My God is the law which rewards those who know and faithfully obey it.
>
> "My God is the power, proclaimed by Paul on Mars Hill, that dwelleth not in temples made with hands, in whom we live and move and have our being.
>
> "My God is that power of which truth and life and love are the triune expression.
>
> "My God is the great matter-force-motion reality; and it is a simple thing for one who contemplates the threefold manifestations of nature to conceive of such a God as a trinity."

We may return later to other elements in his faith. Now it suffices to say with him that there is a better way than "persecution by the Church" "to meet the religious crises in the human mind—it is the scientific way; it is the Jesus way; it is the way which encourages—rather than prohibits—the search for God."—*Christian Register.*

Understanding Our World

Deans as Class Warriors

Nothing but the urgency of the case would constrain me to write this article. I refrain, instinctively, as a rule, from criticism of my brethren of the clergy. But there are limits to this restraint when attacks are made upon the people's efforts for a better and happier life, not once, but repeatedly, and with weapons sharpened by culture and weighted by the status of high position. The Dean of Durham and the Dean of St. Paul's attack Labor and the people's movements over and over again. North and South unite to this end. Yet I believe it was once prophesied that "they shall come from the East and the West, and shall sit down with Abraham and Isaac in the kingdom." Is it because this is now coming to pass, in the movements of the people, that the Dean of the North and the Dean of the South unite in an unholy alliance for defamation and attack?

The Dean of Durham has been emulating the Dean of St. Paul's. He has attacked the railwaymen because they have made demands upon the companies for increase of wages; but he does not attack the companies for their decision to reduce the existing wage! Moreover, since that attack, he has made another, at the Durham University Union Debating Society, upon the Trade Unions. He would have them "get rid of their paid secretaries" (Are Labor secretaries alone to work without pay, that is, without the means of life?), and he states that "if Trade Unions level down instead of leveling up, if they forbid a man to profit by his superior industry, if they forbid him to do more than a certain course of work, then they are impeding and impairing the hope of progress."

We must first of all give the Dean credit for sincerity and courage, sincerity as to what he says, and courage in accepting open debate. But sincerity is quite compatible with class bias, and courage with a bad cause. I accuse the Dean under both these heads.

His class bias is no doubt unconscious, but modern psychology discloses the fact that in our "unconscious" lie the determined prejudices of our life, gathered up unconsciously in childhood and onwards from our traditions, surroundings, customary colleagues and acquaintance, and so forth.

The controversy seems to turn upon (*a*) the railwaymen's recent claims and (*b*) the Dean's stipend. In reality it turns upon the particular spirit and attitude which the Dean displays. For the Dean makes no attempt to challenge the competitive system, which is responsible for the recurrent railway unrest; there is no outburst of indignation against the exactions of the railway companies; nothing is said about the excessive dimensions of directors' fees and salaries; nothing about watered capital of the companies, nor about the exactions of the landlords when railways, years ago, were being run through the land—all of which evils are now a heritage which cripples the industry and makes life hard for thousands of its workers. No! all the Dean can see is that the workers' claim makes a large demand upon the companies' present resources (which certainly it does), and that their standard of living is already higher than that of many other bodies of workers. He, therefore, outright condemns them for "selfishness"—a condemnation which is neither discerning nor just; still less is it charitable.

Is it selfish for the railwayman to long for less anxiety as to house and home? Is it selfish to desire for his wife a greater freedom from anxiety, and for his children that they shall be better fed and clothed and educated? Is this to be "selfish?" Yet these are the things involved in the railwaymen's demands. And if the Dean should reply, "Yes, but their standard of life is even now above that of the engineers," I must answer, as perfectly true to fact, that the ordinary wage of the average engineer is infamously low; and that so far from the railwaymen permitting their standard to approximate closer to that of the engineer or agricultural laborer, it is their bounden duty to maintain and, if possible, to improve their own standard.

At all cost I pray that the railwaymen will maintain and even improve their wage, that is, their standard of life, not for selfish reasons, but for the sake of their brothers in other industries. The revival of industry will never be effected by the lowering of wage, but only by reorganization, co-operative effort, and a new spirit of fellowship. The railwaymen know this, and are acting accordingly. They stand as a sort of bulwark against the present policy of capitalism of exploiting the wage of the laborer to make good its own most patent failure to give to mankind a full and happy human life.

The railwaymen object to this casting out devils by Beelzebub—the chief of devils. The inefficiency and corruption of capitalism can not thus be cured; but only by "the finger of God," that is to say by Justice.

It is not this particular attack of the Dean in itself which has stirred the people's resentment. It is rather that, by a true instinct, they penetrate to that which lies beneath the outward form or method of his attack, to the class-bias which can see nothing in the demand of labor for life (expressed at present mainly in economic terms) but a rather vicious "class" revolt, a sort of greediness, a kind of covetousness, or, as the Dean of St. Paul's once wrote, a hankering after "the loaves and fishes."

Nothing can be less discerning or more mistaken than such a supposition. Yet these scholars and divines, removed through most of their life from any vital contact with the reality of the people's lives, gaining their knowledge indirectly from books and not directly from life, fall into grievous error and mislead others—blind leaders of the blind. It is in such cases that the aphorism, *vox populi vox Dei* (the voice of the people is the voice of God) is really sound and true. The people know the facts at first hand, not at second hand. They feel the pinch, they endure the woe of poverty—poverty as it is to-day; not the holy poverty of Christ nor "my lady of poverty" of St. Francis of Assisi, but the grinding, terrible, murderous poverty of modern capitalism. Sailors perishing upon a raft in mid-ocean will share in fellowship the last crust, until one by one they drop at last into the vast deep. But what rouses resentment to-day is not poverty in itself, but poverty in the midst of riches, want surrounded by excess, luxury in the midst of woe.

Here, I think, the Dean made his second grave mistake—in attempting a defense of his clerical income, and giving figures which prove nothing except the weakness of his defense. I have no doubt that he is heavily taxed; I have no doubt that he is generous, nor do I doubt that he is "given to hospitality," or that he is a good Dean. But the fact remains that he and I and other dignitaries of the Church are placed in a false position when confronted with the struggle of the people to live, often just merely to exist.

It is true that our houses are too big and now are terribly expensive, absorbing far too much of our nominal income and leaving us far poorer than people know or think. Yet it remains that both we and the majority of the clergy are at any rate adequately housed, and do not sleep five to fourteen in a room, or three to six in a bed!

In a word, our only defense must be that we "own up" to the contradiction between our condition and that of the masses of the people. We live sheltered, cultured and protected lives, when we have paid all our dues, we still (always excepting the poorest of the clergy) do not lack enough for the "fulness of life." Our policy must be, if we can not accept the poverty of St. Francis, at least to shed that subtle class-bias which obscures from our perception the awful injustice of our present social order. We need always sternly to resist the temptation of "preaching endurance from velvet cushions to those who are treading with bleeding feet upon the stones."—*Canon Lewis Donaldson, in the New Leader (London).*

Home and Children

HILLS

You have not lived until you know a hill
That stands above a river. Elms are there
And maples for September, and the pine,
That strange tree-god that never sleeps at all,

Dead hills there are over the wide land,
Whose rivers have forsaken them to winds,
Whose rivers have forsaken them and gone
Silently forever into the sea,

Young hills there are in new and treeless lands,
Whose rivers ride like furies on their backs,
Cloud-born in tumult, raging for a day,
Leaving the young hills desolate and torn.

But there are hills whose rivers tend them well
And quench their thirst beneath the summer sun;
These are the hills that laugh with early buds
And chant the ancient epics of the trees.

You have not lived until you love a hill
That stands above a river. Oaks are there
And sycamores for moonlight; and the pine,
That strange tree-god that watches over all.

John Russell McCarthy.

* * *

PEPPER IN A BREEZE

Lucretia Ferguson Rekate

OH! Daddy, this is a pretty place for our picnic, don't you think so? Please stop the car here, will you?"

Mr. Browning, "Daddy" to Patsy Browning, who had just called out as the Browning automobile reached a spot from where they could see in a valley below a winding stream, turned around a little in his place at the steering-wheel, smiled at his sunny-haired six-year-old daughter, slowed down, and then stopped. "Let's find out first—before we get out—what Mother and Donald think of it," Daddy Browning suggested.

Nine-year-old Donald was answering by clambering out of the automobile, shouting loudly that any place was all right for him. "I'm hungry, aren't you, Patsy?" he asked his little sister, whose real name, hardly ever used, was Patricia. The children's mother laughed and when Donald's shout had died down said gaily:

"Well, Donald Senior (for that's what Mrs. Browning sometimes called Mr. Browning in fun, when the little family of four Brownings were off together, as they were now), I think if your artist's eye and your daughter's like this place, it'll be all right for me." Mrs. Browning, who was as full of fun as beauty-loving little Patsy, smiled at the questioning look on the little girl's face. " An 'artist's eye' is what I called your daddy's eye, dear, because your daddy is an artist."

Mr. Browning looked quickly at the view. "It would certainly make a charming picture to paint, and I'd like to try my 'artist's eye' on it, Mary," he said. "But just now I must use my eyes to see if Brownie needs a drink." Brownie was the Browning's automobile.

As Mr. Browning got out of the automobile and looked into the radiator, he said: "Donald Junior is not the only one of this little party that's hungry. I hope, Mary, that you thought to bring along some hard-boiled eggs, undeviled ones, and that you remembered the salt and pepper for them. I'll fix 'em," he added with playful threat. "And I hope most of all that you haven't stuck any green persimmons into the lunch-basket there."

Mrs. Browning giggled, girl-like, as if she remembered something funny.

"Why Mother! what's the matter with green persimmons? Why did Daddy say that?" Patsy had stopped running around in gleeful little circles to go up to her mother, curiosity written large on her face and a puzzled look in her eyes.

"Huh! Because they pucker your mouth. Didn't you know that, Patsy? Why! I knew that before you were born." And Donald Junior looked a bit scornful of the ignorance of his sister.

But cheerful little Patsy, used to Donald's teasing, paid no attention to him. Her gay little laugh rang out as she ran away to chase three little yellow butterflies flying faster over the ground than she could run on small swift legs.

"Kerchoo," "Kerchoo," "Kerchoo," "Kerchoo."

The four sneezes sounded as a procession looks. Four heads, which had been turned away from the paper picnic tablecloth, on which were the wooden plates of Mother, Daddy Browning, Donald Junior and Patsy Browning, turned back again, and four laughing faces looked at the aluminum pepper-box upset by Donald Junior a few seconds before. The pepper, mischievously scattered by a light breeze that was blowing in a playful, fitful way, as if undecided in which direction it was really going to or from, had done this funny little trick to the picnicking Brownings.

"Kerchoo," sneezed Patsy again. Then she laughed and exclaimed excitedly, "O Mother! Now I remember what it is that pepper makes people do. I always forget whether it's pepper or onions that make you sneeze."

"Onions make you cry, Patsy. Don't you know that either? Why! I knew that before you —"

"Donald dear," Mrs. Browning interrupted gently, "you really didn't know all the things that you think now you knew when you were only three years old."

Donald reflected that Mother was probably right, and he looked uncomfortable. He had succeeded in teasing Patricia this time, he knew by the frown on her usually gay little face. To divert his little sister, of whom he was very fond, even if he did delight in teasing her (or in trying to, when she happened not to be so teasable as usual), Donald said: "Say, Patsy, there are things that make you pucker your mouth—or, anyway, green persimmons do that, and there are onions—they make you cry, you know," he added generously; "but Patsy, there are things that make people smile too."

"What?" asked Patsy, the little frowning look changing to a look of interest.

"Oh, lots of things," Donald replied with a sweeping movement of his arm toward the wandering stream in the green valley below their picnic "table," which was the ground covered with layers of newspapers, and automobile robes on top of the paper, all covered by a paper tablecloth with bright picnic basket and plates of sandwiches. It was this sight near by that caught Patsy's eye. Her mind, like the clear cool-looking stream to which her brother was pointing, wandered. She stared at the pink roses, wild roses that Donald had gathered for her while she had been helping Mother set the table and which she had put near the luncheon to feast her eyes on.

"Daddy Browning," she suddenly exclaimed, "does your artist's eye like these wild roses that Donald picked for me?" Patricia didn't wait for an answer, but looked again at the roses, still fresh because they were in water. Her glance was happy, almost loving, because she delighted in flowers, even more than most children.

Donald, after looking to see what Patsy's question was about, why Daddy was saying so enthusiastically that his artist's eye would show her just how pretty he thought the roses were, and why Mother was laughing, saw his daddy, fountain-pen and small note-book in his hands, writing. Donald wondered to himself. "What are you doing, Daddy?" he asked.

"Painting."

"Where are your paints and brushes?" asked Patricia.

"Mother," exclaimed the Browning children together, "what is Daddy doing?"

"He's writing words, not drawing lines," declared Donald. He had left his place and gone around to where Mr. Browning sat, busy with his pen, paying no attention to the children's questions. A hard-boiled egg bitten into lay on his wooden plate, but he went on writing.

"Go ahead and eat, children," Mrs. Browning said. "Your daddy is painting word pictures, perhaps, and he'll show them to us later. I want to see what Mr. Donald Senior has in that little notebook myself, but I'm going to eat until he's ready to show it to us." Then she added slyly: "If you've nothing that you want to eat, Donald Junior, please pass me the pepper."

Mr. Browning glanced up from his notebook, looked at Patricia, smiled, and then put his pen away.

"Are your pictures done, Daddy?" Patricia asked eagerly.

"Yes, Patsy, and they are colored, too," Daddy Browning answered. "Brown and yellow and pink, and—Oh! maybe, though, you don't see them yet," he said with twinkling eyes, as he turned the notebook so that Patsy could see what he had written. "Mary," Daddy Browning said, still with eyes twinkling, "you may sing these word pictures to the children, but please pass me the salt and pepper first. The breeze has died down, I see, Donnie," he remarked, as he shook the pepper-box lightly over the egg in his hand.

"Sing it, Mother, sing it, Mother," begged Patsy, getting up from her place at the picnic table and dancing up and down in her eagerness.

"What does it say? Is it really a song? Do we know the tune?" asked Donald as eagerly, but eating steadily.

Mother was smiling as she read to herself from the little notebook. "Here goes, children," she said, "for some special words for the Browning family's favorite popular air, the old one, 'There Are Smiles.' "

Daddy Browning's queer little smile that Mother happened to catch sight of just then seemed to her to say: "Well, what do you think of my word pictures?" Do you see them? Aren't they brown (that's the pepper), and yellow (that's the onions, of course), and pink (that's the roses' color and the color of Patsy's cheeks). I didn't put the green persimmons in my word pictures, because Donald and Patsy have never seen any."

With an answering smile on her face, Mother sang lightly, and with an air of having a very good time while she was singing, a little parody on "There Are Smiles," which later, on the way back home from the picnic, the children sang over and over again. And this is the song:

"There is pepper, which when scattered
Makes most people sneeze and sneeze;
Onions too, but they do something different—
Make you cry—and they don't need a breeze.
But when Patsy's eye lights up with gladness,
And you wonder what there is to please,
Maybe near Patricia there are roses,
And it's roses that Patsy sees."

* * *

THE SURGEON AND THE DOG

Dr. S. was the "last word" in surgery in N——, N. J. One morning his daughter found a dog which had been injured by the trolley and brought him to her father.

Dr. S. took ten stitches in the front paw, bound it up, and Mr. Dog stayed with him for a few days, and then went home. He was somebody's dog, for he wore a collar. Every morning he would come to the rear door and when the maid let him in, would run in to the doctor's office to see him.

One morning the doctor's daughter called her father to hurry to the window. Coming across the park was the dog, and with him another dog painfully walking on three legs. On they came, around to the rear door and on into the office. As plainly as words, the dog's looks and barks told the story.

Dr. S. treated the strange little dog's foot, while his friend stood by, seemingly greatly relieved and interested. The two dogs then went back over the park again.

Dr. S. is now sure that he will have large practise in "dog-dom."—*Susie B. Curtis, in Our Dumb Animals.*

* * *

CAUSTIC, VERY

She insisted hotly that, economy or no economy, a new frock she must have, and he, with equal warmth, declined to produce the cash.

"I'll never speak to you again!" she snorted angrily.

"How like a woman!" he sighed. "When everything else fails, you try bribery!"—*World's Pictorial News.*

* * *

HER INSPIRATION

Theatrical Manager: "Your last act was magnificent, Miss De Fluer! Your suffering was almost real."

Leading Lady: "It was. I've got a large nail in my shoe."

Theatrical Manager: "Well, for heaven's sake leave it in until the end of the run!"—*Passing Show (London).*

Book Reviews

Conducted by Granville Hicks

Any book reviewed in the *Leader* may be obtained by ordering from the Universalist Publishing House.

The Unhistorical Jesus

The Man Nobody Knows. By Bruce Barton. Bobbs-Merrill Company. $2.50.

A Small-Town Man. By Mary Austin. Harper and Brothers. $2.00.

Jesus as Others Saw Him. By Joseph Jacobs. Bernard G. Richards Company.

In "The Red Lily" Anatole France puts into the mouth of a poet an eloquent description of the fate which every poet suffers. "There is not the one poem that I write," he says in effect, "but thousands of poems, a different poem for each reader." If this is true of poems, it is also true of men, especially great men, and in particular one great man, Jesus. For many centuries after the gospels were written there was scarcely a single biography of Jesus. Less than a hundred years ago, just as Biblical criticism was beginning, Strauss published his life of Jesus, bringing on his head the wrath of the orthodox everywhere. Not long after Renan also wrote a biography, which, though far less scholarly, was more generally read. Since then countless biographies have been written, a dozen or more appearing in the last two years. Of these more recent biographies the distinguishing characteristic is that most of them do not pretend to be scholarly. They are the work of men and women whose chief interests lie in other fields but who have found a strange appeal in the figure of Jesus. Each of these men and women has believed that he alone has discovered the clue to the character of Jesus, and the remarkable thing is that each has pictured Jesus in his own image. The three books under consideration well represent both these tendencies. Bruce Barton, who is a business man particularly interested in advertising, finds that Jesus was the founder of modern business and the discoverer of modern methods of advertising. Mary Austin, herself by way of being a mystic, finds Jesus a mystic. Joseph Jacobs, a Jew, finds the key to Jesus' character in his Jewish background.

We begin with Mr. Barton's book, which illustrates the tendency of laymen to write about Jesus and also their naive confidence that they have discovered the true Jesus. As an interpretation of the life of Jesus Barton's book is practically worthless. He disregards Jesus' environment, ignores the whole mental life of contemporary Judaism, brings Jesus up to date, and sets him in our midst as a glorified Rotary Club speaker. He speaks of him as "an executive," who "gathered together his organization." He wants it understood that Jesus wasn't one of those destructive critics like John the Baptist, who "could denounce but could not construct," who "had no program," and who wasn't an "organizer." According to him Jesus "was the type of outdoor man whom our modern thought most admires." He was an advertising artist, and "if there had been newspapers in those days . . . reporters would have followed him every single hour." "He thought of his life as a business," and "his business philosophy" would work "in our highly competitive world." "He was the founder of modern business." This is the man nobody—but Bruce Barton—knows.

Barton admires the he-man, the social man, the up-and-coming man. He likes big business and he likes loud advertising. He glorifies the American business man as unblushingly as Ziegfield glorifies the American chorus girl. In saying that Jesus' standard of values was the same as his own Mr. Barton is following honorable precedent, but his bias is particularly misleading and peculiarly offensive. Among the few things we can be sure of is that Jesus was not such as Barton has described, and another thing of which we are convinced is that if Jesus were after this mold he would not have won the respect of nineteen centuries. The strident claims of certain American business men are bad enough anyway, but when they maintain that Jesus was one of them it is time for the rest of us to revolt.

Contrast the quotations from Mr. Barton with a paragraph from Mary Austin's "A Small-Town Man:" "He was a small-town man and no world builder. He preached the Kingdom of God, knowing God for a spirit and having an increasing realization of the kingdom as a state of being. But he had no program. He followed the inward voice, and followed it instinctively with the freedom of a river in its natural channel, with no fretting of the flesh. But where the voice left him uninformed he was simply a man from Nazareth; his social outlook was the outlook of a villager." She thinks of Jesus as a man without great training but with a great gift, the gift of the spirit. She finds him expressing his vision in terms of the religious tradition in which he had been raised, but his vision she conceives to have been indigenous with him yet shared by him to some degree with all mystics.

Some interesting hypotheses of Mrs. Austin's deserve a word. She is inclined to attribute considerable value to the Fourth Gospel, suggesting that the synoptic account grew up because most of the disciples could not understand Jesus' mysticism. She also supports the view that Jesus did not die on the cross, but lived for some days after he was taken down, and she has the ingenious theory that the lost ending of Mark may have been suppressed because it indicated this fact. Not in such propositions, however, lies the significance of Mrs. Austin's book, but in the emphasis on Jesus' mysticism. "Jesus was an Occidental mystic," she writes, "whose mysticism is toward the mastery of life rather than the evasion of it." In her book she emphasizes such aspects of the life and teaching of Jesus as support this view.

The great fault of Mr. Barton's book, regarded as a serious attempt at interpretation, is that it ignores Jesus' background. Mrs. Austin also tends to abstract Jesus from his environment, but she is less flagrantly in error than Mr. Barton and she has the additional justification that mystics have always been singularly, though by no means completely, independent of their surroundings. Mr. Jacobs, author of the third book in our trio, concerns himself very largely with Jesus' racial and religious inheritance, and this is the source of the superiority of his book to the other two. First published nearly thirty years ago, Dr. Jacobs' book has just been reissued, and it is to be hoped that it will win the notice which its first appearance undeservedly failed to receive. It purports to be an account of Jesus' activities in Jerusalem as seen by a Jew. Dr. Jacobs, a distinguished scholar of the last generation, has drawn upon his extensive knowledge of Jewish customs and has written an extremely penetrating, brilliant study.

Meshullam Ben Zadok, the supposed author of the narrative, a Jew well acquainted with Greek thought, writes in the year 54 to a Grecian physician at Corinth who has seen Paul and who wishes to know more about Jesus. Meshullam is careful to indicate that Jesus taught little that had not been taught by the scribes before him, but he also speaks of his remarkably attractive personality. He mentions, as does the Fourth Gospel, that Jesus made three trips to Jerusalem, and he describes the effect of his teaching on each visit. Finally he speaks of the week before the crucifixion, showing how Jesus antagonized the Sadducees and the Pharisees, how he lost the support of the people by failing to initiate the expected uprising against Rome, and how he invited the hostility of the Roman authorities by arousing the populace. In this way, as Meshullam sees it, Jesus brought about his death.

What Jacobs was most concerned to show in his book was the reason for the crucifixion, and in a sense he wrote a kind of apology for his race. To this one phase of the life of Jesus, however, his alert mind could not confine itself, and he has touched upon the life of Jesus at many points, always writing sympathetically and reverently. To the subject

(*Continued on page* 30)

Our Young People and Others

Conducted by Granville Hicks

GOOD NEWS FOR MID-WESTERNERS

A Y. P. C. U. camp institute is being established this summer near Joliet, Illinois, with the expectation that this will be a permanent organization. The camp to be used is one owned by the Joliet church and is about eight or nine miles from town, on a good road. It is situated in a hardwood grove on a hill up from the river. There is a main house for general use and tents for sleeping. The dates are August 10 to 16.

The program committee is hard at work to prepare a balanced program and to secure worth-while leaders. There are so many excellent courses to be presented at an institute that it is hard to choose the best. The aim of the institute is to develop leaders, and with that idea in mind the program will be worked out. There will be classes in leadership, Bible study, missionary education, and methods; also lectures and forums, one of the most interesting features of any institute. One friend writes to us to remember that this is the only summer vacation for many and the program should not be too stiff, and another asks us to remember that our Church needs leaders, that this is our place to train leaders, and that our program must fit this need. It is the task of the program committee to strike a happy medium between the two. The program in detail will appear in *Onward*.

As for entertainment there will be a get-acquainted party the very first evening, two evenings for Union stunt parties, the first annual banquet on Saturday evening, special excursions, and recreation on our own grounds planned by the recreational director. There is a dancing pavilion close by and a swimming beach a little way off. Do not be afraid you will get homesick or lonesome. It will be impossible.

Because this is a young folks' project the expense of the camp will be kept as low as possible. The institute board is hoping to keep the cost of meals and lodging down to $10 for the week, and incidentals, $3. This does not include special excursions, but the effort will be to keep the cost within $15. This does not mean the food will be stinted; it will be plain and wholesome and satisfying. Every one who comes must realize that this is a camp, not a summer resort where it is necessary to change clothes five times a day. Definite announcement as to costs will be made in *Onward* before the time of the institute.

What normal young person has not aspired to do something out of the ordinary? If you have not had such aspirations you are not normal. The starting of this camp institute, which is our very own, a thing which we young people cherish very much, is a test of our ability to start something and to carry it through. This is not a summer hotel, but a place for very good friendship, very good fun, very good learning, very rough clothes, but not rough manners. There will be proper and sufficient chaperonage, so that parents may feel safe in letting their young people come. The decency of any camp depends upon the young people themselves rather than upon the chaperons, and the privileges enjoyed are in proportion to the desire of the young people to co-operate with the management.

We all hold in greatest respect Dr. Shinn, who founded Ferry Beach, and those who have founded and are still working with our other institutes, and we are thankful for their vision and for their untiring efforts. To succeed, this Mid-West Institute will have to be supported by the same kind of vision and the same kind of effort. The leaders are already showing their earnestness in this and are looking for followers who will in turn be leaders. We bespeak the co-operation and good will of every Union in our Mid-West district.

We have this good wish from Mrs. Shinn: "I certainly wish the Mid-West Institute every success and shall be interested in its progress. Accept my love to all the young people assembled."

Marion A. Griffith,
Vice-Chairman Mid-West Institute.

For the Quiet Hour

Fret not: 'tis wasteful, for it lets thy work:
And selfish, for it doth thy neighbor irk:
And faithless: did not God thy lot prepare?
But, chiefly, needless, being healed by prayer.

Frederick Langbridge.

Character requires a still air. There may be storm and upheaval around, but there must be peace within the soul for it to thrive. But anxiety is the reverse of peace. Character can not grow in such an atmosphere. We seldom find any great height and sweetness of character in an anxious minded person, for the simple reason that it has no chance to grow; all the forces go in other directions.

T. T. Munger.

He that taketh his own cares upon himself loads himself in vain with an uneasy burden. The fear of what may come, expectation of what will come, desire of what will not come, and inability of redressing all these, must needs breed him continual torment. I will cast my cares upon God. He hath bidden me: they can not hurt Him; He can redress them.

Joseph Hall.

When Peter takes his eyes off Jesus and begins to debate with the wave immediately he sinks. How many of us are like him. We can trust God to manage the sea, but get frightened lest He can not manage a wave.

Len G. Broughton.

The presence of the Lord with man is first given when he loves his neighbor.

Swedenborg.

Personal services are the costliest kind of charity. The majority of persons, niggards as they are, would rather give anything than themselves.

Whitwell Elwin.

There is a holy and noble ambition which covets the dignity of being used by Him. They who believe that their work helps forward what is dear to God's heart may well do with their might what they find to do, and not be too careful to keep on the safe side in doing it. The honor is more than the danger.

Alexander Maclaren.

The effect of God's eager interest in man's affairs because they are human is to assure us that our dearest hopes and highest ideals are to reach their perfect consummation. No height is too high to scale if God is on our side, no task too impossible to undertake.

Charles H. Brent.

"Rejoice we are allied
To that which doth provide
And not partake, effect and not receive!
A spark disturbs our clod;
Nearer we hold of God
Who gives, than of His tribes that take, I must believe."

We must not only imitate him, we must concede to him this superior blessedness of giving to us. And the noblest thing a man can do is just humbly to receive, and then to go away and give.

John Duncan.

If you say, How can I be kind to those whose characters are unamiable and the look of whose soul is not inviting? By looking at God over their shoulders.

George Bowen.

The highest tasks will not bear postponement. Heaven is a state as well as a place. We shall scarcely go to heaven when we die, unless in some measure it has already come to us while we are yet alive.

William T. Herridge.

Sunday School Search Lights

The address of the General Sunday School Association of the Universalist Church is 176 Newbury Street, Boston, Mass.

* *
* **Individual Record Cards** for *
* the Institutes are now in readiness. *
* Would you like to see one? It will *
* show you exactly how you are to *
* keep your own record this summer *
* and it also will give you much other *
* valuable information. Free, of *
* course. *
* *

THE DOJIN HOUSE SUNDAY SCHOOL

The Blackmer Home Sunday school has changed its name because it meets in the new Dojin House. Miss Bernice Kent is its superintendent. She set herself the first task of arou ing more enthusiasm among the teachers, and went about accomplishing it by weekly meetings for discussion and instruction. Matsu Yoshioka assists in these meetings.

The school includes eight graded classes. The beginners' class is taught by a trained kindergartner who has been assistant in the Midori Kindergarten, Shizu Nishimura, the first Blackmer Home grandchild. The younger grades are taught by girls from the Blackmer Home. Mrs. Yoshioka has a class of high school age, and Miss Kent one of girls in their last year in high school and first in college.

* *

WEEK-DAY RELIGIOUS EDUCATION

One thing is certain—a single hour a week is not enough for the complete moral and spiritual education of a child.

Our sense of proportion tells us that at once.

Some people, notably Dean W. S. Athearn, of the School of Religious Education at Boston University, believe that a considerable part of the week-day period now given to so-called secular education ought to be, and will be, set apart for religious training.

At any rate a very large number of churches are making a beginning, some Universalist churches being included.

This picture shows Rev. A. W. Altenbern, of Junction City, Kansas, with one of the groups that he teaches every week. This class of fifth and sixth grade pupils, like two younger classes, meets once a week. A bus is sent about the city to collect the children. Each church in the community has its own week-day school of religious education.

In some places the effort is made to have combined schools, representing several churches, or even community schools, representing all. It is, however, and apparently must be, very difficult for Fundamentalists and Modernists to work together in a matter of this kind. Perhaps it will be forever impossible.

This movement, which is destined to increase, should be watched with care. Whatever happens, our own children should be nurtured as carefully and intelligently as others.

The W. N. M. A.

Conducted by Mrs. Ethel M. Allen, 411 Glen Echo Circle, Columbus, Ohio

MOUNTAIN LIFE AND WORK

Mountain Life and Work, a new publication, the first number just issued, is published by Berea College, Berea, Ky., "in the interest of fellowship and mutual understanding between the Appalachian Mountains and the rest of the nation."

This first copy looks attractive and interesting. The regular subscription price is $1.50, but those who start reading with the first number may have it one year for $1.00.

To those who are interested in our own mountain work, where so many opportunities for service are opening up, this publication would be most helpful to gain a better understanding of conditions in the mountains generally.

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CONNECTICUT CONVENTION

The thirty-first annual session of the Woman's Universalist Missionary Society of Connecticut convened in Danbury on May 13 with a large attendance representing the six Circles in the state. The session was opened by the state president. Mrs. Maude B. Foster of Norwich, with Rev. G. Leining conducting the devotional services, and led in prayer by Rev. Hazel Kirk.

Committees were appointed, minutes of previous meetings read and reports of secretary and treasurer were accepted. Reports from the department superintendents were given, Mrs. Addie Champlin of Hartford responding for Japan; Mrs. A. Parlow of Meriden for Southern Missions; Mrs. Maude F. Pickett of Berlin for Friendly Letters; Mrs. Bertha Bacon of Meriden for Mission Study; Mrs. Susan Bishop of Bridgeport for membership; Mrs. Janet Blackford of Bridgeport for Literature and Post Office Missions, and Mrs. Annie Quick of Stamford for Missionary Boxes.

Each Circle gave a report showing their full apportionments met and most of them paying their quota towards the sinking fund up to date. Three Circles contributed towards the Southern Building Fund. The summary of the work of the Circles was increased interest in missions and extensive philanthropic work. One Circle reported contributions to Camp Hill, Murray Grove, Ferry Beach and Tufts Fund and $35 to Southern Building Fund, after paying all assessments for ninety-three members.

Recommendations reported the endorsement of the Southern Building Fund, urging voluntary contributions from every Universalist woman, also that each Circle send a woman to Northfield, and a girl to Camp Murray; a wider distribution of our literature and each Circle using the missionary text books; to devote a meeting to a study of law enforcement and temperance. Many fine resolutions were adopted. One church reports six women and four girls planning to attend the Northfield Conference on Missions this summer. A forceful and inspiring address was given by Mrs. Minnie J. Ayres, our returned missionary from Japan, on "Our Work and Ideals in Japan."

The following officers were elected: President, Mrs. Maude B. Foster, Norwich; vice-president, Mrs. Maude F. Pickett, Berlin; secretary, Mrs. Louise Marble, Meriden; treasurer, Miss Lillian Fischer, Meriden. Elective officers, Mrs. Annie Quick, Stamford, Mrs. Susan Bishop, Bridgeport, Mrs. Addie Champlin, Hartford.

* *

"HOW FIRM A FOUNDATION"

Read Miss M. Agnes Hathaway's new leaflet just published by the W. N. M. A., telling of our Women's Work in Japan, and you will realize "How Firm a Foundation" has been laid by them for a worthwhile Christian work in Japan.

Ready for distribution at Headquarters, price three cents.

Among Our Churches

New Hampshire Letter

Gorham.—The Superintendent visited Gorham recently when no one knew that he was coming. Everything was in order, the machinery was running smoothly and the people are working earnestly and effectively. He is very glad to report that Miss Ulrich is improving in health and strength right along, and is doing her full work in church and in community. She will again go to Murray Grove as resident pastor this summer and hopes to return to Gorham fully restored to health. * * **Berlin.**—Rev. W. S. Abbott has given up the work at Berlin to assume the pastorate of a federated church in Maine. She has done splendid work at Berlin and that under the most unfavorable conditions. Audiences have been good most of the time, financial conditions have improved considerably, and a new interest has been aroused. Perhaps the best work has been done in the Sunday school and among the young people. A splendid group of earnest young people has been gathered together which alone forbids the giving up of the work at present. The Superintendent received a great surprise, however. Knowing the discouraging business conditions under which the city is laboring, he would not have been surprised if he had been told that it was thought best to discontinue services for a time. Knowing that overtures had been made by the pastor of another church to undertake union services for a while, he would not have been surprised if it had been suggested that these overtures be accepted. Knowing the personal popularity of Mrs. Abbott with an element of her people, he would not have been surprised to have found the feeling that the work could not be continued without her. But he found none of these things. Just one question was asked, "What pastor can you send us?" I want a minister for Berlin. I want a minister who will do parish work in a great rough country town, organized as a city. I want a minister who will hold this bunch of young people. I want a minister who will recognize that, though we haven't many people, what we have are the best to be had and one of the redeeming saving influences of the city. I don't care whether he can preach or not. I want a minister who realizes that he can't get as much salary as he is worth but who can get a living. * * **Dover.**—From Berlin, the Superintendent went to Dover, stopping for a while on the mountain heights for the last snowstorm of last winter to yield the road. At Dover, he found the first resident minister that we have had there for a number of years, all settled and ready for work. Rev. H. E. Latham has been accepted by the people and has accepted them in the three months he has been in charge of the Unitarian and the Universalist parishes. It has been a hard job. He preaches one Sunday in one church and the next Sunday in the other. He has parishes which are really in two distinct parts of the city and of two distinct types, and apparently he has satisfied all parties. He has secured a place in the city too. He spoke to a full church on Memorial Sunday and appeared before all of the citizens of Dover in the programs of Music Week. Now that he has a home of his own, has his family about him and is pretty thoroughly recovered from his illness of the winter, we expect to see things hum. And they do. That is we think so. For the Boy Scouts connected with the Universalist Sunday school have chipped together and purchased an old flivver in which to take their traps when they go camping. If that won't make things hum, what will? I asked several people who was in charge of the Boy Scouts and every one said "Tom Bell," so I suppose he is. The Year Book says Thomas J. Bell is superintendent of our Sunday school and the New Hampshire "Who's Who" says the same man is in an executive position with the Postal Employees Association of the state and also a government employee at Dover, but "Tom Bell" sounds more like a Boy Scout leader any way. * * **Kingston.**—From Dover we went on to Kingston, where we have the only bobbed hair minister it has been our privilege to meet yet. If bobbed hair is what does it, we recommend it. For Miss Pearman has collected a crowd of young people about her that people who have lived in the parish ever since they were born didn't know existed. They were working too, and some of them joined the church at Easter. They have built a meeting place in the church building. Some one had confidence enough in the young crowd to loan them the money, and they are paying it back and having the use of the room. We regret to announce that Miss Pearman will soon complete her work at Kingston. However, the parish has already secured a successor and the work will go on under the leadership of Mr. Rice of Crane Theological School. Rev. Frank W. Whippen, pastor emeritus, is living at Kingston and enjoys the work that is going on as much as any one, giving the young pastor his cordial support and the benefit of his ripe experience. Mr. Whippen is not in rugged health, but is as thoroughly interested in town and church as ever * * **Atkinson.**—At Kingston, we picked up Rev. A. M. Bradley, secretary of the New Hampshire Convention, and went to Atkinson for consultation with the people there. The Atkinson parish is suffering, as so many of our smaller rural parishes have, from a loss of constituency. Preparing for the future, the people have deeded their church in trust to the Convention and are now transferring their funds in the same way. Most of the funds are under such conditions that they may be used for our work almost anywhere in the surrounding county, thus making a permanent memorial of the Atkinson parish and its founders. However, work is not yet completed and will not be for some years at Atkinson. Summer preaching will be conducted as usual by Rev. C. G. Robbins, D. D., of Lawrence, Mass., and we expect that Rev. Roger F. Etz will get in some services also. While at Atkinson, it was the privilege of Mr. Bradley and myself to meet one of the fine characters of the old parish, Mrs. Lydia Noyes. Eighty-seven years of age, confined to her room, palsied through the nerve racking experience through which she passed two years ago, her mind is clear and her faith serene. * * **Nashua.**—From Atkinson, we went on to Nashua where they were holding a most important parish meeting, one to call a pastor to the vacant pulpit. Rev. Weston A. Cate was the unanimously chosen leader and it was our privilege to bring, on the following Sunday, Mr. Cate's acceptance of the pastorate. Nashua is a parish destined to do great things. Largely endowed, well equipped, blessed with a large constituency, well known to the denomination through the leadership it has always had and particularly for the last fourteen years under Dr. Morrison, it should be one of the leading churches of the denomination. Mr. Cate, by training, experience and consecration, is equipped to lead and direct this magnificent machine. And he will do it. Our sincere sympathy goes out to the people of the Nashua parish. They are going to work for the next few years as they have never worked before, and they have done some stunts before now, too. * * **Newfields.**—We didn't get to Newfields on this trip, didn't need to. Rev. F. L. Payson is completing ten years of service there and has things well in hand. Services have been well attended through the winter and the Sunday school is growing. There is a class of little folks, ten in number, and a new class of boys. Newfields meets all denominational calls with loyalty and is a splendid example of the rural church small in numbers but strong in faith. * * **Sunday School Institute.**—The Sunday School Institute at Barre, Vt., June 24 to 27, is intended for New Hampshire Sunday school workers, too.

George F. Fortier.

Church News and Interests

PERSONALS

Rev. Oluf Tandberg of Halifax has resigned. The church is looking for a pastor. Those interested in considering the matter are invited to correspond with Dr. Lowe.

Mr. Henry E. Williams of Washington, D. C., formerly a member of the Board of Trustees of the Universalist General Convention, recently gave $250 to the town of Bethel, Conn., his native place, to establish an essay prize. Some two hundred essays were prepared by school children of Bethel on "The Flag" and on "The Meaning of Memorial Day," and Mr. Williams went to Bethel on May 30 to present the prize to the winner.

Dr. Marion D. Shutter, pastor of the Church of the Redeemer, Minneapolis, has been ill for twelve weeks, the last six weeks of which have been spent in the hospital. The illness, which was most serious, was caused by an infection from two teeth. Dr. Shutter is now convalescent. During his illness he has received expressions of sympathy from various churches and from the government of Minneapolis. The mayor of the city called and thanked him for what he had done for Minneapolis, the leading modernist and fundamentalist clergymen either sent flowers or expressions of sympathy, and he has been cheered by a remarkable outpouring of the love and sympathy of his own congregation.

Rev. Frank S. Rice, pastor of the Amesbury Universalist church, and his wife were seriously injured in an automobile accident at Newburyport on Sunday, June 14. Both were taken to the Anna Jacques Hospital. The car driven by Mr. Rice was struck by a milk truck.

Mr. and Mrs. Arthur W. Pinkham of Lynn, Mass., sailed for Cherbourg June 20 on the Homeric, accompanied by Dr. Griffith, superintendent of schools of Glens Falls, N. Y., the father of Mrs. Pinkham. They will visit France, Switzerland, England, Scotland and Wales, returning on the Olympic from Southampton, Aug. 19.

Mrs. Clara Wilson, formerly of Washington, D. C., now of Hindman, Ky., where she is engaged in work for the mountain whites, sailed from Montreal on the Canada June 13, accompanied by her sister, Mrs. Caleb Miller of Washington, for a two months' trip in Europe.

Rev. Geo. E. Leighton, D. D., accompanied by Mrs. Leighton, has gone to Highland Lake, North Bridgton, Maine, for his vacation.

Rev. Geo. Cross Baner, Rev. W. G. Price and Stanley Stall are a committee appointed by the Ohio Universalist Convention to draft resolutions expressing the sorrow of the Convention in the loss of its president, the late W. O. Jameson.

Rev. R. R. Hadley has moved from Providence to 91 Washington Park, Newtonville, Mass.

Rev. Wm. D. Harrington, pastor of the Waltonville and Rose Hill, Ill., Universalist churches, delivered two addresses on Memorial Day, the first at Hickory Hill, near Waltonville, and in the afternoon at the Knob Prairie Cemetery in Waltonville.

Rev. A. J. Torsleff of Rutland, Vermont, has accepted the invitation of the South Acton, Mass., church to become its pastor. The new relationship is to begin at the close of Mr. Torsleff's pastorate in Vermont early in the fall.

Dr. John Murray Atwood spoke on "Universalism and Its Relation to the Unitarian Movement" before the Mohawk Valley Unitarian Conference at Barnesville, N. Y.

Dr. Frank Oliver Hall delivered the baccalaureate sermon at Tufts College on Sunday afternoon, June 14.

After July 1 the post-office address of Dr. L. B. Fisher will be Hollywood, N. Y.

OUR HEADQUARTERS STAFF

Miss Mary Slaughter is in Camp Hill, Ala., where she will serve on the faculty of the Southern Institute before going to Detroit for the Y. P. C. U. Convention.

Dr. Huntley, who returned June 11 from Illinois, left the next day for Houlton, Maine, where he represented the General Convention at the Unitarian-Universalist District Conference. He also preached and held a Sunday school conference at Oakfield.

Dr. John Smith Lowe is on a three weeks' trip for the denomination through the Middle West. He is to speak at the Ohio and the Iowa state conventions.

Chaplain Roger F. Etz, of the R. O. T. C., is at Camp Devens from June 16 to 30, at the annual encampment of Reserve Officers.

Illinois

Clinton.—Rev. Almira L. Cheney, pastor. Five children were christened at our Children's Day service June 7. The Sunday school presented the program "He cares for me."

Peoria.—Rev. B. G. Carpenter, D. D., pastor. Sunday, June 7, was celebrated as Children's Sunday. Thirteen children were christened and seven new members were received into the church. The pageant, "The Garden of the Heart," was put on by the older children of the Sunday school.

Maine

Stockton Springs.—Reopening services for the old church building, which has been rescued from deterioration through the efforts of members of the Ladies' Aid Society, were held on Sunday, May 31. Both the afternoon and evening services were well attended. The large auditorium, resplendent in new frescoed walls and ceiling, freshly painted woodwork, new carpets and electric fixtures, was beautifully decorated with flowers, some of which were sent by the church in Bangor. Rev. Ashley A. Smith, D. D., of Bangor, preached the sermon and Dr. William Vaughan of Belfast and Mr. Tompkins of the local Congregational church participated in the service, while the Universalist choir of Belfast supplied the music for the occasion. In the course of the service Dr. Smith surprised his hearers with the announcement that through the generosity of Mrs. Clara E. McGilvery Griffin of San Francisco and Los Altos, California, a native of Searsport, the trustees of the church are to receive $10,000 to be used in building and equipping a parish house on the church lot. Mrs. Griffin has designated S. B. Merrithew, Mr. and Mrs. Harry R. Hichborn and Mr. and Mrs. Everett Staples as the ones to have charge of the construction and equipment. The building is given in memory of Mrs. Griffin's husband, the late Willard M. Griffin, a native of this village. In the evening the church was again filled, when Dr. Smith addressed the graduating class of the high school as the leading feature of a service conducted by Mr. Tompkins.

Massachusetts

Everett.—Rev. U. S. Milburn, pastor. Two years of the present pastorate were completed May first. During that time the minister has received ninety new members into the church, solemnized twenty-four marriages and attended fifty-four funerals. At the recent annual meeting the people, on recommendation of the trustees, unanimously voted to adopt the Five Year Program. A troop of Boy Scouts and a group of Camp-fire Girls have recently been organized. A trained Sunday school worker has been procured, who will take the superintendency of the school Sept. 1. The Children's Day service centered around the service prepared by the G. S. S. A., "He cares for me." Eleven children were christened and thirty-six promoted, there being no promotions beyond the primary grade this year. The church will be closed after June 28 till Sept. 13.

New Hampshire

Nashua.—At a meeting of the society held May 26, it was voted to extend an invitation to Rev. Weston A. Cate of Woodstock, Vermont, to become the pastor of the First Universalist Church, to succeed Rev. W. H. Morrison, D. D., whose resignation took effect Easter Sunday. Mr. Cate has accepted and will begin his work Sept. 1. During July and August this church will join with three

other local churches in union services. The Ladies' Howard Circle and Mothers' Club have recently held two very successful food sales. Children's Day will be observed June 21, which will close the activities of the church until September.

New York

Mount Vernon.—Rev. John Sayles, D. D., pastor. The original Universalist society in Mt. Vernon was founded in 1852. In 1908, during the pastorate of Prof. Clarence R. Skinner, the second and present church edifice was erected. For more than half a century talented and consecrated men and women ministered to this loyal group of worshipers. In May, 1923, a federation of local Universalists and Unitarians was effected under the name of the First Liberal Church of Mt. Vernon, and Rev. John Sayles of Buffalo was called to its pulpit. In these two years the membership of the church has grown from thirty-nine to 115; the church property has been greatly improved outwardly and within; the Sunday morning congregations of the past year have averaged sixty-five; the Sunday school has steadily advanced; a Women's League has been organized with a membership of fifty-one and has earned and spent $2,500 for the good cause during its two years of existence. Westchester is growing rapidly in numbers and wealth, and is destined to be one of the outstanding counties of America. With only one other Liberal church in it (First Unitarian, Yonkers) there is every reason to believe that the Mt. Vernon Liberal Church has a promising future.

Ohio

Columbus.—Rev. W. G. Price, pastor. The death of W. O. Jameson was a shock to our consituency and was accepted as a challenge to its devotion. In less than a week eight members together subscribed $1,000 to make up the deficiency his death might create. Others followed suit and without any campaign or personal solicitation the entire church budget for local expenses with $500 added for publicity was provided for. The semi-annual interest, due June 7, was met and a payment of $500 made on the principal of the church debt. Now another family has come forward with a further challenge: $1,000 is offered to apply on the debt provided the church raise a like amount by Jan. 1, 1926. All societies are adding to their membership, the church congregations are averaging around 140 and all bills are being paid promptly for the past six months without overtaxing any one individual. The Sunday school held a memorial service for Mr. Jameson, who was its superintendent, with an appropriate program, and unveiled his picture, which will hang in the church vestibule. The school recently contributed $50 toward the church debt. A. A. Mead was elected superintendent and has gone forward with the work in fine manner. A new room for the boys' class has been built in the basement. An aggressive campaign is planned for next year.

* *

TENTH ANNIVERSARY DOOLITTLE UNIVERSALIST HOME

Hundreds of Universalist people who attended the tenth anniversary of the benevolent institution which bears the surname of the donor of the property, Miss Sarah B. Doolittle, may forget that this anniversary occurred on the second day in June or on the first Tuesday in that month, 1925, but they will never forget what a wonderful event it was. In fond memory they will recall the thrills that were felt as the crowds, even from distant towns and cities, turned into Foxborough, from state roads and by-roads, in every kind of modern conveyance from modest flivver to splendid limousine, from coupes seating "two and one-half persons" to big omnibuses seating twenty and thirty and even forty, with every seat filled.

The weather was kind, the spacious old-fashioned domicile, shaded by great elms, looked indeed "the house beautiful." Hospitality beamed upon the faces of the staff and residents of the Home. Every detail of domestic comfort and convenience had been scrupuously surveyed at the dawn of the day to make sure that no New England housekeeper would find the least thing out of order or otherwise than sweet and clean.

The services at the church, divided into two sessions, with a generous hyphenating period for lunch time, were up to the highest mark in previous years in the joyous yet reverent spirit in which they were conducted, in the eloquence of the speakers and the fine quality of the music rendered. The local Universalist church in which these services were held is only a few steps from the Home, standing at the head of one of the most beautiful of New England "commons." Every seat was taken, even in the vestibule. Many not able to enter strayed down to the house, or surveyed the village streets. There were some who gathered outside the open windows or sat on the church steps before the open doors.

The president, Dr. Charles Conklin of Canton, presided at the morning session. Organ prelude was by Miss Eva M. Hodges of Mansfield; 23d Psalm reading, led by Rev. H. E. Peters of Brockton; devotional exercise, Rev. H. L. Thornton of Framingham; vocal solo, Mrs. Estelle M. Graves; addresses, Dr. Leroy W. Coons and Dr. Samuel G. Ayres of Brookline; vocal duet, Mrs. B. Frances Seaver and Mrs. Rose M. Smart; address, Rev. William P. Farnsworth of Stoughton; report by treasurer, Roscoe W. Pierce of Chelsea; report by matron, Mrs. Lillian Duquet.

Vice President Frank J. Sherman of Mansfield presided at the afternoon session. The prayer was by Mr. Peters of Brockton; vocal solo, Mrs. Rose M. Smart; addresses, Rev. Isaac V. Lobdell of Attleboro and Rev. Charles A. Haney of North Attleboro; vocal trio, Mrs. Frances Seaver, Mrs. Estelle M. Graves and Mrs. Rose M. Smart; organ selection, Mrs. Eva M. Hodges; address, Rev. Fred H. Leining of Providence; vocal trio, Mrs. Seaver, Mrs. Graves and Mrs. Smart, all of Foxborough; benediction, Dr. Conklin.

The observance concluded with a reception in the Home.

Besides donations of cash in the church of about $1700 a sales table at the house containing articles made by the residents realized about $100 for their benefit. This table was presided over by Mrs. Swift, Mrs. Bray and Mrs. Belcher.

A bus from Lynn brought about forty persons from the First Universalist Church of that city. Other large delegations were from Marlboro, Stoughton, Canton, Brockton, Cambridge, Southbridge and places in New Hampshire and Rhode Island. The donor of the Home, Miss Sarah B. Doolittle of Mansfield, was present.

The board of trustees includes Rev. Charles Conklin of Canton, Roscoe W. Pierce of Chlesea, Frank J. Sherman of Mansfield, Mrs. Arthur W. Peirce of Franklin, Edward P. Claflin of Attleboro, Joseph L. Sweet of Attleboro, Mrs. Samuel Noyes of Cambridge, Mrs. John L. Tweedy of North Attleboro, Mrs. Marion W. Comey, Forrest Bassett and Miss Helen W. Rice of Foxborough.

* *

ANNIVERSARY WEEK AT CEDAR RAPIDS

From May 17 to May 24, the People's Church of Cedar Rapids, Iowa, formerly the pastorate of Dr. Joseph Fort Newton, held anniversary week celebrations commemorating the laying of the cornerstone in 1875. Every one attending the morning service on May 17, at which an address on "The Church of All Souls" was delivered by the present pastor, Rev. Waldemar W. Argow, was presented with a souvenir booklet containing a historical sketch of the church. The Fellowship Banquet was held at the Montrose Hotel on Thursday, May 21.

* *

CHESHIRE ASSOCIATION MEETING

The ninety-first annual session of the Cheshire Association of Universalists convened at Hindsale, N. H., June 11, its president, Rev. M. L. Cutler of Jaffrey, presiding. The address of welcome was made by Mrs. Clarence B. Fay of the entertaining church. A conference upon the social life of the church, led by Rev. E. R. Walker of Winchester, was followed by a conference upon Sunday school methods. In these conferences Rev. Owen R. Washburn, Mrs. M. Belle Garfield and Judson Walker of Marlboro,

Rev. E. P. Wood of Brattleboro, Vt., and others, took part. Hon. Olin A. Chase of Concord, representing the denomination, for the Five Year Plan, gave a very full and interesting account of the financial situation and received, by a resolution, the official thanks of the Association. Dr. Wood delivered an address upon the proper purpose of a church and the methods for its success, and Miss Doris A. Swett, student pastor at West Chesterfield, delivered the occasional sermon, speaking upon the place of Jesus in the spiritual development of human life.

Rev. George F. Fortier, Superintendent of Churches, made an address, including a report as to church conditions in New Hampshire. Robert L. Whitney, president of the New Hampshire State Convention, was in attendance. The old board of officers was elected; Rev. M. L. Cutler, president, Rev. E. R. Walker, vice-president, and Mrs. Myra L. Farr, secretary. Resolutions thanking the ladies of the Hinsdale church, and demanding the strict enforcement of the prohibition laws and of laws regulating motor traffic, were passed. The Association will meet next year at Alstead.

* *

CHURCH MEMBERS REPORTED IN 1925

Previously reported	1,652
Mt. Vernon, N. Y.	6
Woodsville, N. H.	4
Leroy, Ohio	7
Lowell, Mass., First	3
Peoria, Ill.	7
Total,	1,672

* *

CHRISTENINGS

Previously reported, 117. Woodsville, N. H., 5. Westbrook, Maine, 12. Leroy, Ohio, 7. New Haven, Ct., 14. Clinton, Ill., 5. Everett, Mass., 11. Peoria, Ill., 13. Total, 184.

* *

DISTINGUISHED SERVICE CROSS

That the War Department does not forget to reward a worthy act is illustrated in the awarding of the distinguished service cross to the Rev. George Damon Rice at a review of the troops of the Reserve Officers Training Camp at Stanford University, California, May 28. The commandant read the following communication from Washington and then presented the cross:

"By direction of the President, Lieutenant-Colonel George D. Rice, Chaplains Corps United States Army, is awarded the distinguished service cross for extraordinary heroism in ministering to wounded under heavy fire in the Battle of Bayan, Philippine Islands, May 2, 1902."

Rice was receiving a course of special study at Tufts Divinity School in the nineties and joined the army when war was declared with Spain. He was ordained in the Unitarian Church and commissioned chaplain of the 6th Massachusetts Regiment by Governor Wolcott and ordered to Porto Rico.

Later he was commissioned a chaplain in the regular army and served until recently automatically retired for age on a pension. He is residing in Palo Alto, Cal.

* *

UNITARIAN SUMMER MEETINGS

Star Island, the only island in the world dedicated and devoted exclusively to religion, awaits the first of the summer's conferences which begin June 27.

The Young People's Religious Union, from June 27 to July 11, will run its program as a double-header in order to take care of all the Unitarian young people who desire to attend the fifth annual conference. The General Conference, July 11 to 25, is to have a two weeks' program under the auspices of the Summer Meetings Association. The Alliance of Unitarian Women will have the entire week from July 25 to August 1 for meetings and conferences. The fifth annual institute of religious education, arranged by the Unitarian Laymen's League with the co-operation of the department of religious education of the American Unitarian Association, is scheduled for the first nine days in August.

* *

BOOK REVIEWS

(*Continued from page* 26)

he has brought his keen insight as well as extensive knowledge of Jewish life in the first century of our era. Dr. Montefiore, the great Jewish New Testament scholar of our day, has been able to show more completely than Jacobs how much aid a knowledge of Judaism lends to the study of Jesus' life, but Dr. Montefiore's careful and painstaking research needs to be supplemented by an impressionistic picture such as Jacobs has given us.

Perhaps it is unnecessary for us to hazard any guess, but we believe that Jacobs has come rather nearer to an accurate portrait of Jesus than has Mary Austin or Bruce Barton. Barton is miles out of the way, and even Mrs. Austin has to brush aside many important considerations in order to picture Jesus as the complete mystic. Jacobs himself, for that matter, probably goes much too far, though his bias is not entirely misleading. The truth of the matter is that a life of Jesus is out of the question. The records are fragmentary, and they are frequently contradictory. More important than that, Jesus has been interpreted and reinterpreted in so many different ways that a real grasp of his character is impossible. Whether we like it or not we are forced to conclude that his life, like the poem of which Anatole France speaks, will always be submitted to innumerable interpretations, each containing more of the interpreter than of the interpreted.

Notices

UNIVERSALIST MEETINGS AT BARRE, VT.

June 24 to 30, 1925

Sunday School Institute at Goddard Seminary, June 24 to June 27.

Annual Convention of the Sunday School Association of Vermont and Province of Quebec, Saturday afternoon, June 27, at Goddard Seminary.

Annual Mass Meeting for worship at Barre Universalist church on Sunday morning, June 28.

Annual Service of Acknowledgment at "The Brick Church" in East Montpelier on Sunday afternoon, June 28.

Consecration Service, under auspices of Y. P. C. U., on the grounds of Goddard Seminary, Sunday evening, June 28.

Y. P. C. U. Business Convention at Barre Church, Monday morning, June 29.

Woman's Missionary Business Session, Monday afternoon, June 29.

W. M. A. Mass Meeting, Monday evening, June 29.

Annual gathering of the Universalist Convention of Vermont and Province of Quebec, June 30, morning and afternoon.

* *

NORTH CAROLINA FELLOWSHIP COMMITTEE

License has been granted to Rev. John T. Fitzgerald, an ordained minister holding fellowship recently in the Unitarian denomination.

Leon P. Jones, Secretary.

* *

OHIO STATE CONVENTION

The one hundredth annual session of the Ohio Universalist Convention and Auxiliary Bodies will convene at Columbus, Church of the Golden Rule, June 21 to 25, 1925, for the election of officers and for the transaction of such business as may legally come before the Convention.

Stanley C. Stall, Secretary.

* *

WANTED

The editor of the *Leader* wishes to purchase a copy of "Phases of Religion," by W. S. Crowe. Please advise and state price.

THE BETHANY UNION FOR YOUNG WOMEN

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During the summer months there are accommodations for women unattended who may wish to visit Boston for a few days at a time. For such transients the price is $1.25 a day.

For further information please address the Superintendent, Miss Ruth E. Hersey, 14 Worcester St., Boston.

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Jan26 Rev Charles W endte The Unis Chr for the Ministry

Crackling

During the recent Prohibition plebiscite in Ontario, a prominent Ottawa man, who is an ardent prohibitionist, was surprised by a visit at his office of his small barelegged son.

"Hullo, young man," the father said. "What brought you to town?"

"I was in a parade," the little boy said proudly.

"What parade?" asked the father.

"I don't know," he answered; "but I carried a big sign."

"What was on the sign?" asked the man curiously, and almost collapsed as his son replied:

"'MY FATHER'S A DRUNKARD! I've got no shoes!'"—*Everybody's.*

* *

This was after the lover's quarrel.

"I can never forgive you," he cried. "Last night you said that I was a lobster."

"But, my dear," she replied, coyly, "you must remember how crazy I am about lobster."

With a glad cry he folded her to his heart.—*Punch Bowl.*

* *

"Dear me, how slovenly the postal authorities are! Here's a card from my husband, who's in Manchester on business, and it's got the Paris postmark."—*London Mail.*

* *

"And you say you guarantee these canaries?"

"Guarantee them? Why madam, I raised them from canary seed!"—*Brown Jug.*

* *

"Did you behave in church?" asked an interested relative when Junior returned from the service.

"Course I did," replied Junior. "I heard the lady back of us say she never saw a child behave so."—*Christian Register.*

* *

A small boy was sweeping off the steps of his home when a visitor called.

"Is your mother in?" asked the caller.

"Do you think I'd be sweepin' the steps if she wuzn't?"—*Exchange.*

* *

"Now see here! I'll never let my son marry you! Why you're just about old enough to be his mother!"

"Oh, you old darling! Is this a proposal?"—*Brown Jug.*

* *

A visitor to New York: "I beg pardon, but could you direct me to a church not involved in any squabble?"—*New York Sun.*

* *

"What's the matter—can't you get central?"

"No—she's in conference."—*Life.*

* *

She (as train toots at grade crossing): "George, you go right ahead. Don't let that big brute bully you."—*Recorder.*

The Five Year Program

National Laymen's Committee

The first milestone has been passed! We are happy to be able to report this week that we now have *one hundred* churches which have definitely accepted the Five Year Program. They represent a total amount of money pledged for one year of $65,294, or over $325,000 for the five year period.

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OUR POSITION IN REGARD TO QUOTAS IS UPHELD!

Recently the Board of Trustees of the General Convention passed a resolution part of which is quoted below:

"We endorse the stand of the Committee that every parish should support the Five Year Program regardless of whether it is now receiving State or General Convention aid, or perchance carries a mortgage on its property. This Five Year Program is an obligation the denomination has assumed, and as such, is a task for the accomplishment of which every Universalist and every Universalist church should feel a responsibility. Any aid that a church may have received emphasizes the importance of its reciprocating by supporting as heartily and as fully as possible the principle of denominational loyalty to church work, which permits such aid."

Our Next Objective!

Two Hundred Churches on the Honor Roll by the Time of the Syracuse Convention